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LIFE ON TOP 

THE **GREEN** ISSUE

**MARIJUANA
LEGISLATION
IN 2016**

**WEED-INFUSED
BEER**

**IS POT
A PERFORMANCE
ENHANCER?**

**LEMMY'S
LAST HURRAH
A REPORT
FROM THE 2015
MOTORHEAD
MOTORBOAT
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New Amateur Team: Rizzo, Gottwig, Anderson

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EDITOR'S NOTE



GOING GREEN IN 2016

The push to legalize marijuana, both for medicinal and recreational use, is spreading across the country. Since Colorado became the first state to fully legalize pot, a lot of other states have been paying attention to the taxes being generated and the lowered costs of enforcement—from police man-hours to treats for drug-sniffing dogs. **David Bienenstock**, a long-time writer on marijuana for *High Times* and *Vice*, delivers a breakdown of legislative initiatives that are likely to show up in various states this year (page 40).

We also have a report from **Sarah Walker**, “Reefer Grrrls,” on making the weed industry more woman-friendly (page 50); a discussion of the arguments in favor of marijuana being a performance enhancer for athletes, by **Joe Vennare** (page 21); a rundown from **Joshua M. Bernstein** of new weed-infused beers (page 29); and a look at why the government’s delay in accepting marijuana as a treatment for post-traumatic stress disorder and depression is a huge disservice to veterans, by **Matt Gallagher** (page 54).

Of course, you can also go green in an environmentally conscious manner. For our Tech column, **Crispin Boyer** found items that can save the planet and save you some money on your electric bill (page 26); in Flu-Flu Fletching, **Scott McMorro** writes about the difficult task of hunting pheasant with an environmentally responsible bow and arrow

(page 96); and in Fair-Trade Minded, **Violet Blue** reports on the fair-trade-porn movement and its filmmakers and actors, including Penthouse Pet Skin Diamond and Penthouse models Stoya and Bobbi Starr (page 94). We also have a review by our Sex Ed. columnist, **Martin Downs, MPH**, of the new virtual-reality devices that—finally—make VR porn a reality (page 108).

LEMMY'S LAST HURRAH

The Motörhead Motorboat heavy metal cruise boasted more than a dozen bands performing shows in the ship’s venues, much more intimate settings than the typical concert spot where one could see Slayer, Anthrax, or Suicidal Tendencies. Plus, it was a cruise ship full of metal fans, so our writers, **Eddie McNamara** and **Meirav Devash**, were surrounded by like-minded folks—and the rockers themselves (including cake celebrating the 40th anniversary of Motörhead). Then, when Motörhead’s **Lemmy Kilmister** (left) died in December, it turned out to be his last hurrah, leaving everyone on the ship with a badge (or back patch) of honor (page 74).

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

As always here in Penthouse, it’s all about the sexy models. Our Pet of the Month, **Blake Eden**, is the hottest pre-med student we’ve ever seen, and photographer **Tammy Sands** captured her beauty and sex appeal in spades (page 56). Blake is bookended by **Leah Gotti**, a gorgeous erotic model who was also shot by Tammy Sands (page 30); **Angela**, who indulged in a body-painting session for photog **Miron Chomacki** (page 98); a girl-on-girl set of **Susan** and **Isabelle** from photographer **Davide Esposito** (page 80); and the latest installment in our series of retrospective pictorials, a three-girl photo set from January 2002 of **Phoenix, Swan**, and **Penthouse Pet Kelle Marie**, shot by long-time contributor **Earl Miller** (page 114).

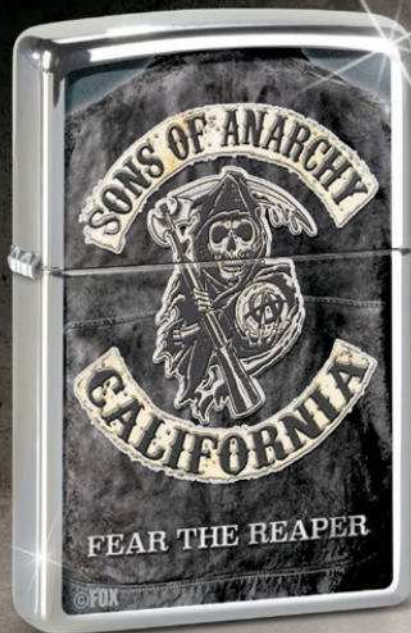
In addition, our Point Blank column showcasing up-and-coming photographers features **Erica Simone**, who shot nude images of herself doing mundane things around New York City (page 46); Penthouse Pet **Sam Phillips** caught up with February 2012 Pet of the Month **Brett Rossi** for Pet Confidential (page 90); and we take a look back at February 2006 Pet of the Month **Charlie Laine** in Parting Shot (page 134). Enjoy! 🍷

Barbara Bice

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RESOLUTION



#5

Each year my friend Eddie and I compile a list of New Year's resolutions, and we share our lists to help keep each other on track, even when they have to do with sex. We've known each other since college and now work in the same office. People who don't know us very well think we're more than friends, but we'd never screwed around.

I trust Eddie implicitly, so when he suggested we combine a resolution from each of our lists, it seemed like the perfect plan. For example, No. 5 on my list—fuck two guys at the same time—is why David, the new guy at work, was lying partially on top of me in my bed, sucking on my right tit. Item No. 4 on Eddie's list—screw my best friend—would explain why he was sucking on the left one.

Having Eddie as the second guy in my bed made me feel comfortable and safe, while Eddie had decided it was time for us to explore another part of our friendship. We'd always teased each other about sex, but had never taken things any further. But it just made sense. No one knew me better than Eddie, and there was no one in the world I trusted more.

Eddie and I had approached Dave over drinks one day after work, and, when we made our pitch, he was sold.

We drove over to Eddie's with Dave following in his car. When Eddie suggested we all take a quick shower, we stripped down and I got my first look at both Eddie and Dave. I'd seen Eddie in his underwear before, so I already knew he had a sizable cock—but it was even more impressive erect. Though Dave's appeared slightly smaller, he was only semi-hard.

I sat on the edge of the tub and took a cock in each hand. After stroking them both, I gave Dave's a few licks before sucking the head into my mouth. He'd started to firm up, so I moved over to Eddie's. I looked up at him and gave him a saucy wink before engulfing his cock. He was really turned-on and slowly pumped into my mouth. I let him slip free from my mouth before letting go of them both and stepping into the shower.

It was a bit tight when we were all in, but I didn't mind one bit once Dave knelt down to lick my pussy and thrust his fingers in and out of my cunt. Eddie got busy with the body wash, sudsing up my backside and his cock so he could slide it back and forth along my ass. The mounting sensations finally overwhelmed me and I found myself being held up by both men as I climaxed.

By the time we finished showering and drying off, I was ready to fulfill

my resolution. With a bottle of lube in one hand and a box of condoms in the other, Eddie dictated our next move. The guys sucked on my breasts, fondled my pussy, and took turns eating me out till I was screaming for someone to fuck me. Eddie was a master at keeping me right on the edge, fingering my cunt just enough, but not letting me come.

Finally, he told Dave to lie back, and told me to lower myself onto Dave's cock. Then, after thoroughly lubing his dick and my asshole, Eddie eased his way into my backdoor. I'd had my ass fucked before, but never at the same time as my pussy. With Eddie working his thick cock in my rear in tandem with Dave fucking my snatch, I felt totally but pleasantly stuffed. It was fucking amazing! I don't think it went on very long, as I was already so worked up from their teasing. My climax caused a chain reaction of orgasms, leaving us all blissfully spent.

Dave turned out to be just an okay fuck. The real surprise was that both Eddie and I discovered that screwing your best friend has some major advantages!—A.L., California

More letters on page 122

**While Dave was sucking on my right tit,
Eddie was sucking on the left one.**

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THE NEW OLD WEST

After being plagued by more than two years' worth of production snafus—the original director dropped out, a few actors bailed, and the original distributor gave up the rights before filing for bankruptcy—the indie Western **Jane Got a Gun** is finally coming to theaters. It should be worth the wait, if only to see Natalie Portman as a tough-as-nails gunslinger defending her family from an outlaw gang. Ewan McGregor costars as the ruthless gang leader, and Joel Edgerton plays the ex who begrudgingly helps Jane guard her home turf.

By Kara Wahlgren



Bone Tomahawk



The Hateful Eight



The Revenant



Diablo



Forsaken

WESTERN REVIVAL

Natalie Portman's *Jane Got a Gun* is the latest nontraditional western to hit theaters, and it's in good company.

By Christine Colby

Westerns initially became popular when many of the legendary figures were still alive, and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was still a public attraction. They continued to rule radio, publishing, and cinema for decades, only falling off in the latter half of the twentieth century. This strong showing of new entries in the genre has us thinking that oaters are back. And considering the last tumbleweed tale to make headlines was a box-office bomb (Gore Verbinski's take on *The Lone Ranger* in 2013), maybe the genre has something to prove.

Bone Tomahawk. October 2015 brought S. Craig Zahler's horror western, featuring Kurt Russell, Patrick Wilson, and Lili Simmons; the elevator pitch could have been *The Searchers* meets *The Hills Have Eyes*. This tale of a small band of gunslingers setting out to rescue kidnapped settlers from cannibalistic "troglodytes" (an assimilated Native American character assures us that even his tribe considers them savages) is definitely in the "weird west" category. The pace is measured and patient, with a lot of character development, so when the over-the-top gory violence arrives, it's even more startling.

The Hateful Eight. Christmas day brought the present of Quentin Tarantino's 70mm "roadshow" screenings, which, in addition to the movie-geek-approved format, included an intermission and a souvenir program. They were also preceded by an extended overture by legendary soundtrack composer Ennio Morricone—the first time Morricone has recorded music specifically for fanboy Tarantino.

Once again, Kurt Russell and his mustache are main characters, but this is a strong ensemble cast that includes Samuel L. Jackson, Walton Goggins, Tim Roth, Bruce Dern, and, very memorably, Jennifer Jason Leigh. The shoot 'em up is a typical QT mishmash of exceptional writing with lots of clever dialogue combined with low-brow shock and cartoony gross-outs, but it's mostly about watching Russell attempt to figure out who to trust in a remote, blizzard-bound environment. Sound familiar? Trivia talking point: Morricone's score includes unused tracks he wrote for 1982's *The Thing*.

The Revenant. Leonardo DiCaprio is an Oscar contender for his brutal portrayal of Hugh Glass, who was mauled by a bear and left for dead by his fellow fur trappers in 1823. This film by director Alejandro González Iñárritu is a counterpoint to the postmodern pop *Hateful Eight*, with a bleak, gritty realism that feels like a grueling collaboration between Cormac McCarthy and Jack London. DiCaprio, a vegetarian, even devoured real raw bison liver

for a scene, in addition to learning two different Native American languages. While not a classic western, as it takes place pre-Civil War, it's still a tale of the frontier, and tackles relations and battles between natives and settlers, all to a soaring score by prolific composer Ryuichi Sakamoto.

Diablo. Scott Eastwood, Clint's son, has been turning down western scripts for years. He finally took on *Diablo* because of its atypical storyline: Despite its apparent *Searchers*-esque plot focusing on a cowboy's quest to recover his kidnapped wife, the movie is really about post-traumatic stress disorder and a Civil War vet's unraveling. This January film features Camilla Belle, Danny Glover, and Walton Goggins (again) playing a devilish man of mystery. It's not too hard to see the plot twist coming, but it's enjoyable watching Eastwood squint his way through, and it's a refreshing take on the "kidnapped by natives" rescue yarn.

Forsaken. February's ranch story, directed by Jon Cassar, boasts both Donald and Kiefer Sutherland, acting together for the first time, playing father and son. The son, John Henry, came out of the Civil War with a lot of experience killing people, and suffering from PTSD. Unable to reenter society, he put his skills to use, becoming a notorious gunfighter for several years. But the prodigal son eventually returns home, telling his God-fearing reverend father that he's hung up his holsters for good. Keeping his word gets more and more challenging as he deals with his father's shame and disapproval, his own stress and depression, harassment from the town bullies trying to push people off their land, and the loss of his hometown sweetheart (Demi Moore)—who married someone else while he was gone. Think he'll keep his finger off the trigger for long? *Forsaken* is a bit of a predictable horse opera, but worth watching for the intensity the Sutherlands bring to their roles. **A-**

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QUICK PICKS

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Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice

Like many comic-book fans, we've been trying our best to maintain a cautious optimism about Ben Affleck's debut as the Caped Crusader. With the second film from the DC Extended Universe, the wait is over. Fearing Superman (Henry Cavill) could become drunk with power, Batman heads to Metropolis to take him down—but the two superheroes team up when a bigger threat surfaces. Warner Bros. has no fewer than nine more DCEU films planned for the next four years, so here's hoping this superhero showdown kicks things off in epic fashion.



London Has Fallen

In this sequel to the 2013 White House disaster flick *Olympus Has Fallen*, the British prime minister dies under mysterious circumstances, and his funeral becomes a prime (sorry) opportunity for a terrorist group to assassinate the world's most powerful leaders in one fell swoop. As in the original, it's up to Secret Service Agent Mike Banning (Gerard Butler) to stop the deadly plot; we expect some intense CGI destruction along the way.



Whiskey Tango Foxtrot

Tina Fey stars as Kim Barker, a cable-news correspondent in a personal and professional rut who accepts an assignment in Afghanistan to shake things up. Aside from the predictable culture shock and war-zone dangers, she gets caught up in the Kabul party scene and falls for a Scottish photojournalist. We're psyched for Fey's foray into more dramatic fare—although with her *Saturday Night Live* and *30 Rock* collaborator Robert Carlock writing the screenplay (based on the real Barker's book), there should still be plenty of laughs.

Also This Month

Rolling Papers

The Kickstarter-funded documentary tells the story of Ricardo Baca, the *Denver Post*'s first marijuana editor—a fascinating and surprisingly cutting-edge job in an old-fashioned medium.

Knight of Cups

Christian Bale stars in this characteristically dreamlike Terrence Malick film about a Hollywood actor indulging in all sorts of depravity to cope with an existential crisis.

Eye in the Sky

This nail-biting British thriller stars Helen Mirren as a colonel tasked with taking down a terrorist group in Kenya; political red tape threatens to delay her mission until it's too late.

The Brothers Grimsby

A deadly assassin (Mark Strong) is forced to team up with his long-lost soccer-hooligan brother (Sacha Baron Cohen) to save the world in this awesomely lowbrow spy spoof.

TV



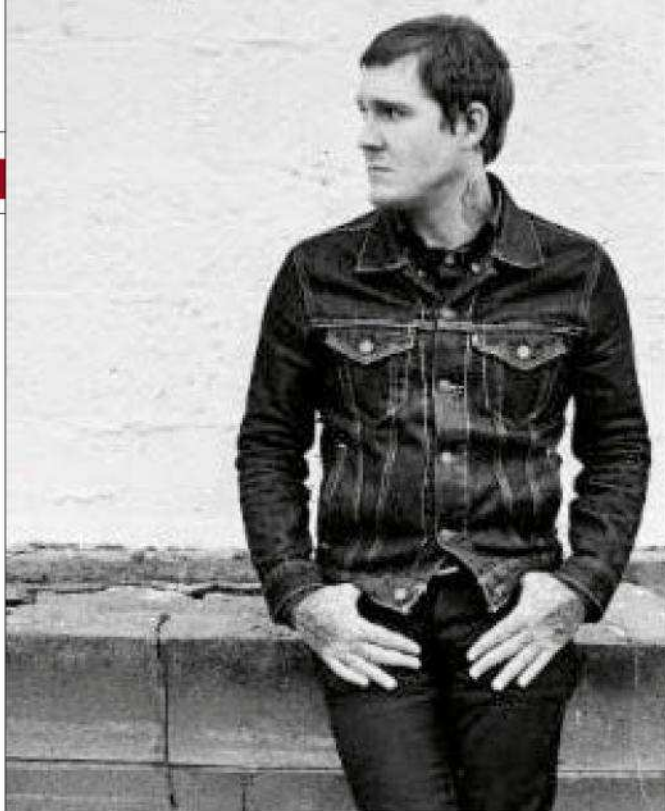
The Family

Joan Allen stars in this ABC political drama as an ambitious mayor with gubernatorial dreams. Just as she's kicking off her campaign, her son—who's been missing for more than a decade—suddenly reappears, but he may not be who he says he is. Show creator Jenna Bans has a track record of writing for addictive (albeit soap-opera-y) shows, including *Scandal* and *Grey's Anatomy*, so we're guessing this will go way deeper than the typical family drama.

PHOTOGRAPHS (BATMAN v SUPERMAN) COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES (LONDON HAS FALLEN) AND APPLEBY PICTURES (WHISKEY TANGO FOXTROT) FRANK IAS/PARAMOUNT PICTURES (THE FAMILY) ABC/JACK ROWLAND

Brian Fallon *Painkillers*

As the singer for Gaslight Anthem, Fallon is known for the raspy vocals and gut-punching lyrics that turned fellow Jersey rocker Bruce Springsteen into a fanboy. Now, with the band on an indefinite hiatus, Fallon is going solo—but his debut album won't stray far from his roots, blending classic rock with a hint of the Americana vibe of his other side project, Molly and the Zombies.



Also on the Way

Gwen Stefani was recording a slick solo album with producer Benny Blanco when, in the wake of her divorce, she scrapped the whole thing and wrote a more personal record. The single "Used to Love You" was our first look at her new direction; we're expecting a full album fairly soon. Last summer **Bon Jovi** parted ways with Mercury Records after more than three decades—after releasing the subtly titled *Burning Bridges*. Jon Bon Jovi told *Stereogum* that the band will release another album early this year. Given the less-than-amicable terms of their departure, we're expecting a few good fuck-you anthems. Alt-rockers **Soul Asylum** will release *Change of Fortune*, their 11th studio album. Despite a laundry list of lineup changes over the years, the band has stayed true to their signature sound. This record will be no different, with frontman Dave Pirner assuring fans, "Everything on the menu is excellent."



Jeff Buckley *You and I*

In 1997, when Buckley went for a quick dip in a Memphis harbor and got swept away, he was readying songs for his much-anticipated second studio album. While prepping a tribute for the 20th anniversary of Buckley's death, his record label found a handful of unreleased tracks from his earliest sessions—including the first recording of "Grace," a new song called "Dream of You and I," and covers of songs by Bob Dylan, the Smiths, Led Zeppelin, and more—which were compiled here.



Anthrax *For All Kings*

The thrash-metal pioneers recently wrapped a U.S. tour with Lamb of God, and they're dropping their 11th studio album before hitting the road with Iron Maiden. Singer Joey Belladonna told *Loudwire* the new album will be even heavier than their last—and with such metal-as-fuck track titles as "Breathing Lightning" and "Blood Eagle Wings," we don't doubt it.



"Little Miss and Mr. Me Me Me" Dan Zevin

If you're of a certain age, you probably remember the "Mr. Men and Little Miss" books, and their cutesy blob-esque characters like Mr. Muddle and Little Miss Giggles. Humorist Dan Zevin has updated those with a parody series of painfully millennial characters. The books make the perfect passive-aggressive gift for anyone in desperate need of acquiring some self-awareness.



Pale Horse: Hunting Terrorists and Commanding Heroes With the 101st Airborne Division Jimmy Blackmon

This gripping true story of an elite army aviation team in Afghanistan is told by a historian who really knows his shit—he served as commander of Task Force Pale Horse from 2008 to 2010. Blackmon's unflinching honesty and use of heartbreaking detail results in a remarkable profile of pilots providing combat support for ground troops.



Evicted: Poverty and Profit in the American City Matthew Desmond

We'll be the first to admit that a book about economic hardship and the consequences of eviction doesn't sound like an enthralling read. But Desmond, a Harvard sociologist, manages to turn it into a riveting narrative of eight hard-luck Milwaukee families and the two landlords who control their fate. It's being hailed as a humanizing account of the struggles of America's poorest communities. **A+**

THE TENTH ANNUAL PENTHOUSE DOUBLE DS

Grab your popcorn as we rank the best, the worst, and the wildest moments of 2015 with our own damn movie awards, the Penthouse Dirty Dozen.



BEST GIRL-ON-GIRL Love

The movie poster alone has more than one bodily fluid represented, and this French drama combines 3-D filming and ejaculation in a very memorable way. But the standout scene was a threesome involving Klara Kristin and Aomi Muyock—it's hot, it's explicit, and (reportedly) it's *not* simulated.



WIFE OF THE YEAR Betsy, The Night Before

In this bromantic comedy, longtime buddies Isaac, Ethan, and Chris plan a night of debauchery to celebrate the holidays together one last time. Not only does Isaac's pregnant wife (Jillian Bell) green-light the shenanigans, she packs him a stash of drugs for the road. Wives everywhere, take notes.



MOST AWKWARD SEX SCENE Trainwreck

John Cena's character in *Trainwreck* literally gets off on describing his leg workout. We immediately tried to forget the scene ever happened.



BIGGEST MORNING-AFTER REGRET Knock Knock

In this thriller, Keanu Reeves plays the perfect suburban dad—until he's seduced by two nubile young ladies who show up on his doorstep one night. It's all fun and games (and a threesome in the shower!) until they return the next day to torture him, destroy his house, and otherwise ruin his life.



WORST CUTTING-ROOM CASUALTY Entourage

We knew the *Entourage* movie would deliver profanity and nudity in spades, and it didn't disappoint. But an oral-sex scene between Anna Morna and Spencer Scott was heavily edited to avoid an NC-17 rating. Adding insult to injury, no unrated version has been released, so we may never know what we're missing.



MOST EPIC BOX-OFFICE DOMINATION Universal Studios

Universal unleashed the mother lode in 2015. Three films—*Jurassic World*, *Furious 7*, and *Minions*—broke the billion-dollar mark, and by the beginning of August, the company had already set the record for the highest-grossing year for any movie studio. To top it off, they released a certain bondage flick, which brings us to ...



BEST VALENTINE'S DAY PRESENT Fifty Shades of Grey

True, we had to sit through two hours of cheesy pillow talk to rack up 20-ish cumulative minutes of actual sex. But this movie brought BDSM into the mainstream—and, more important, guys everywhere got laid pretty immediately after leaving the theater. Thank you, Mr. Grey, for the gift that kept on giving.



BIGGEST BADASS Charlize Theron, Mad Max: Fury Road

We'd gotten a glimpse at Theron's badass potential in *Monster* and *Æon Flux*, but she took it to a new level in this postapocalyptic action flick. Shaving her head for the role was ballsy to begin with, and Furiosa was one of the biggest badass motherfuckers—male or female—we've seen on a movie screen in a while.



BEST RISK AVOIDANCE Staying away from Star Wars spoilers

Normally you'd have to pry the interwebs from our cold, dead hands, but those of us with day jobs had to avoid social media—and its ubiquitous threat of spoilers—like the plague from the time of the movie's midnight release until we could finally head to the theater.



MOVIE THAT MADE US REASSESS MATT DAMON (AGAIN) The Martian

Like pretty much everyone else, we like to hate on Matt Damon—then we see him in a movie and remember he's fucking awesome. It happened yet again with *The Martian*, a basically perfect sci-fi adventure. How do you do it, Damon?



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BEST BLAST FROM THE PAST

Drama: *Straight Outta Compton*

The gritty biopic about the rise and fall of N.W.A. was a throwback to the heyday of gangsta rap—and with Eazy E's widow, Dr. Dre, and Ice Cube among the producers, it was about as true-to-life as it could get.

Comedy: *Sisters*

We briefly considered giving this film an award for Worst Assplay for an unfortunate scene involving a music-box ballerina, but instead we'll commend it for putting two of our favorite comedians—Tina Fey and Amy Poehler, duh—in charge of a wild house party where their characters relive their late-eighties glory days.



WORST BLAST FROM THE PAST

(TIE) *Pixels* and *Hot Tub Time Machine 2*

We're not sure what's worse—a boring action movie in which Adam Sandler battles aliens that are disguised as oversize arcade-game characters, or a comedy sequel that was so abysmally unfunny it almost made us like the original a little less. We'll go with both.

MOVIE TITLES THAT SOUND LIKE PORN



- ▶ ***Mistress America***
- ▶ ***Sleeping With Other People***
- ▶ ***I Kissed a Girl***
- ▶ ***Road Hard***
- ▶ ***Get Hard***
- ▶ ***The Longest Ride***
- ▶ ***Don't Be Bad***
- ▶ ***Daddy's Home***

HOTTEST BREAKTHROUGHS



▶ **Katie McGrath**

The Irish actress got our attention in *Jurassic World*—well, till her run-in with a Pteranodon. (Our apologies if that's a spoiler for you. Maybe you should have watched the movie nine months ago.) We look forward to seeing her alive and well in *Knights of the Roundtable: King Arthur*.



▶ **Nathalie Emmanuel**

It was a big year for this British actress—she was promoted to a series regular on *Game of Thrones* and starred in both *Furious 7* and *Maze Runner: The Scorch Trials*. We're eagerly awaiting her return to the Seven Kingdoms this spring.



▶ **Rebecca Ferguson**

This sexy Swede has been big in Europe for a while, but she finally made it onto the radar stateside with *Mission: Impossible: Rogue Nation*. We'll see even more of her in 2016, when she stars in the heavily hyped adaptation of *Girl on the Train*.



▶ **Eloise Mumford**

She's been in a couple of failed television shows and low-budget films, but in 2015 she had a breakout role as Anastasia Steele's stunning roommate in *Fifty Shades of Grey*. We're happy to know she'll be back for the next installment.

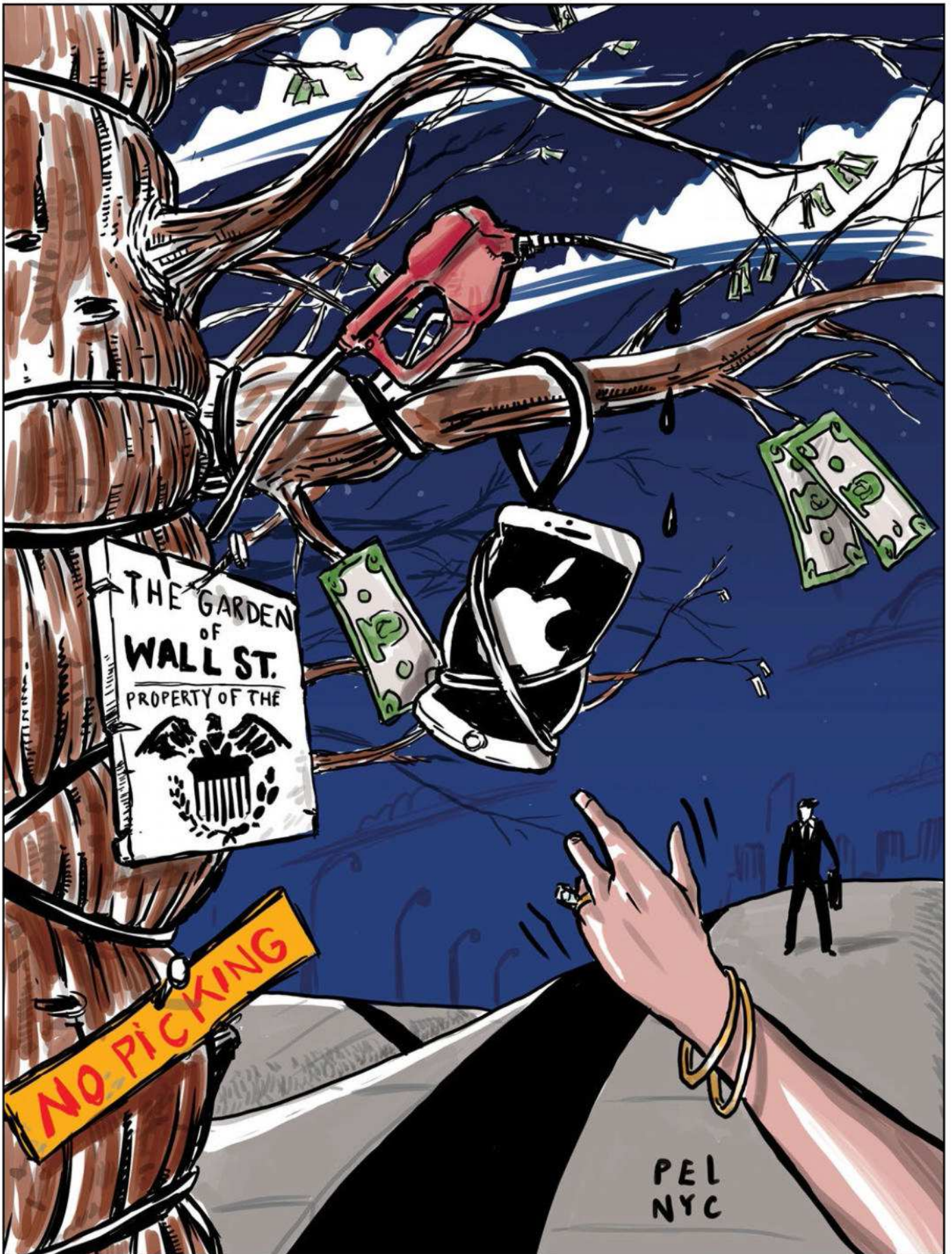


▶ **Cara Delevingne**

The British model was apparently on some sort of world-domination quest this year—not only did she star in *Paper Towns* and *Pan*, but her turn as one of Taylor Swift's squad mates in the "Bad Blood" music video got more than 20 million views on its first day. **A—**

SKETCHY TRUTHS

BY PELNYC



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GOING TO POT

There are a number of arguments in favor of using marijuana to enhance athletic performance.

By Joe Vennare



If you've ever been high (be honest!) or been around someone who's blazed beyond belief, one fact is obvious: Passing time by passing the bong and a bag of Cheetos does not an elite athlete make. That's because smoking pot puts you in a relative state of ease. Unless you get crazy paranoid when you're high—you know, elevated heart rate, sweating, freaking the fuck out. If that's the case, getting high might actually feel like a workout. But beyond that, being lethargic, hungry, or prone to hallucinating aren't qualities typically associated with peak athletic performance.

That's not to say that athletes don't get high. Please. If you flipped on *SportsCenter*, it wouldn't be long before you were watching a report about some megastar athlete getting busted for possession or failing a drug test. (Here's looking at you, Michael Phelps.)

Rule No. 1 for famous athletes getting stoned: Don't let some Average Joe take pot shots of you hitting a bong. And if somehow you do, be sure those pics don't make it to social media. Or, just say fuck it altogether and quit sports so you can get high and practice yoga all day. Okay, that last one isn't a daily occurrence. But it is true. Choosing Mary Jane over millions of dollars? Bold move, Ricky Williams.

Pot: A Performance-Enhancing Drug (?)

Common sense (and experience) tells us that weed does not enhance our ability to do anything sports-related. Creativity? Meditation? *Grand Theft Auto*? Eating an entire pizza? Yes, we'll dominate those things when we're stoned. But sprinting, catching a pass, or throwing a pitch? Get the fuck out of here.

Which poses the question, why is cannabis banned by the Olympics?

Specifically, it's the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA) that has barred Olympic athletes from using marijuana. *How could that be?* you wonder. Well, WADA maintains a list of prohibited substances. These substances meet two of the following three criteria: performance enhancing; potentially a health risk; against the spirit of sport.

How does weed fare when subjected to WADA's criteria? It fails, miserably. According to the powers that be, pot hits upon all three disqualifying criteria. Weed's

ability to decrease anxiety and fear makes it a performance enhancer. "Decreased cognitive performance" and "pulmonary toxicity" make it a health risk. Finally, the "negative reactions by the public, sponsors, and the media," along with the "athletes are role models" argument, violate the "spirit of sport."

Marijuana's Surprising Effects on Athletic Performance

Health risks and "spirit of sport" aside, there might actually be something to this *pot as performance enhancer* thing.

Despite the fact that medical research refers to marijuana as an "ergolytic" drug—which impairs performance, coordination, and concentration—rather than a "ergogenic" drug that would boost those things, there are a number of arguments in favor of using pot to enhance performance. The arguments to the affirmative cite benefits linked to focus, mental


clarity, relaxation, and anti-inflammatory effects.

Endurance sports, like running, cycling, or triathlon, put tremendous stress on the mind and body. While your mind is telling you to quit, your body might actually quit, breaking down from too much pounding over a lengthy race. This reality has led some endurance athletes to use weed to help them achieve a relaxed, meditative state that propels them to the finish line. Elite triathlete Clifford Drusinsky uses weed to "train smarter and focus on form." But that's not all. Drusinsky is also a gym owner and trainer based in Colorado, where weed is legal. At his gym, he invites members to snack on marijuana-spiked edibles before a workout.

Then there was *Outside* magazine correspondent Gordy Megroz, who wrote about his experience with the effects of pot smoking on athletic performance. Megroz, who learned that skiers were using weed to improve their training, decided to see for himself. The result? Megroz felt "invincible and proceeded to attack the steepest lines without fear."

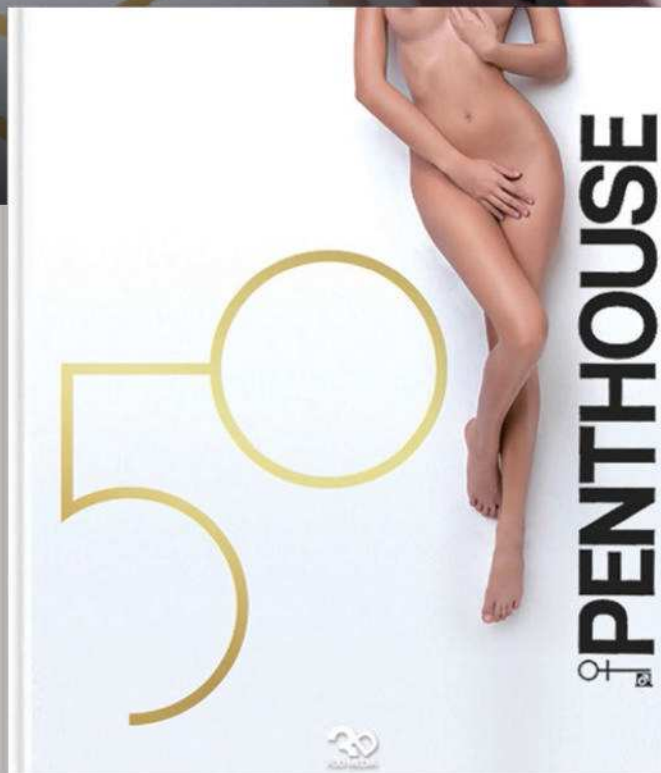
It's easy to see how instances of improved focus and fearlessness among athletes who smoke pot could fall into the performance-enhancement category. But there's another group of athletes who use weed the way others use protein shakes—for post-workout recovery.

There's some research that points to pot as an anti-inflammatory drug, helping athletes deal with sports-related injuries. Self-medicating with marijuana might be most prevalent among players in the NFL. High-speed collisions paired with aches, pains, and more serious injuries are a given for professional football players. They've led to instances of abuse of and addiction to painkillers. While that risk continues to loom large, many NFLers are turning to pot for help with recovery, pain, and inflammation. According to Jamal Anderson, a retired NFL running back, some 60 percent of players in the NFL smoke pot. Just how many are partying versus "enhancing their performance" remains unknown.

The question remains, is pot a performance enhancer? At this point, with limited medical research on the topic, everything is purely anecdotal. Also, results may vary. Which means there's only one way to know for sure: Conduct your own study. Finding volunteers certainly won't be an issue. 



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GET THEM BEFORE THEY'RE GONE

Go green by restoring a classic car. It just might be the best form of recycling ever discovered. • By Jonathan Ward



A 1962 Volvo P1800

Lately, many different classic cars are rising in value at a seemingly absurd rate. Some Porsche 911s of various generations, for example, have gone up 400 percent in just the past two years. Sure, there's talk of the bubble bursting, but there are no actual market indicators to support these claims, which could be from bitter collectors who sold too soon. While the rising values of Porsche 993s, Shelby Mustangs, and other iconic classics get a lot of attention, I'd like to focus on three other cars that are worth your consideration.

The prices of some cars climb because a few of the kids who had posters of them on their walls have gotten old enough (and wealthy enough) to live that dream, but many others appreciate because their overall design ages well, and they possess a certain level of viable drivability. All of us have memories of the cool girl in school and her car, or the popular guy and his, but chances are that your dream car has aged more gracefully than those people.

While I never recommend buying a classic car solely as an investment—buy it because you love it, period—there are a few timeless, functional art pieces to consider. I speculate that these models will soon be rising exponentially in value. Grab them while you can. Save a few for me, though.

The Volvo 1800

This car was immortalized in the sixties spy series *The Saint*. For those of you who don't remember the show, all you need to know is that these cars are the definition of mid-century cool, with sweeping lines, a great low stance, and wonderful details throughout. The earliest models (P1800, 1961–63) were built under contract by Jensen in the United Kingdom for the Swedes. They have a reputation for being excellent rusters, but I'm a big fan who cannot discern a difference in rustability between these and the later cars. The early P1800 had the coolest gauges ever, like a vintage chronometer, with great colors and cues. The door-panel design and its sweeping stainless exterior trim are damn near perfect.

The 1964–69 cars (1800S) were built in Sweden, but the cosmetic-design purity of the P1800 is hard to beat. With the 1800S, you got an extra eight horsepower and a (supposedly) better body quality, yet not nearly as clean detail in terms of design. Don't get me wrong: The 1964–73 cars are still quite nice, and worth considering.

Fuel injection was introduced in 1970 with the 1800E, as were less charming interior and trim designs. While the performance is not so exhilarating, you'll be entertained nonetheless. Mechanically, you should avoid the automatic transmission, unless you don't do the three-pedal thing. (Blasphemy!) These were tracking at about \$12,000 in 2012 for a nice driver, a rise of about 50 percent from 2004 to 2013, then they leveled out for a bit. Values are trending up again, with a five percent rise in the past year alone. With just over 34,000 units built, they are fairly rare, but they're abundant enough to ensure you can find a reasonable selection of spare parts and the know-how to keep yours on the road.

In today's market, you'll find viable daily driver 1800 coupes (I am not differentiating between years here) ranging mainly from \$8,000 to \$17,000, with stellar examples clocking in at \$20,000 to \$30,000.

As I'm a big fan of any "shooting brake" (a two-door wagon), I think you also should consider the 1800ES sport wagon, built only in 1973–74. This was the swan song for the model, and an immediate cult classic. Not only is there more cargo room, but also better visibility and ride quality. Furthermore, the relative rarity of this model ensures it's an A+ investment.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) HERITAGE IMAGES/CORBIS, (BOTTOM RIGHT) RAINER W. SCHLEGELMILCH/GETTY IMAGES, (TOP RIGHT) RON KIMBALL/KIMBALLSTOCK

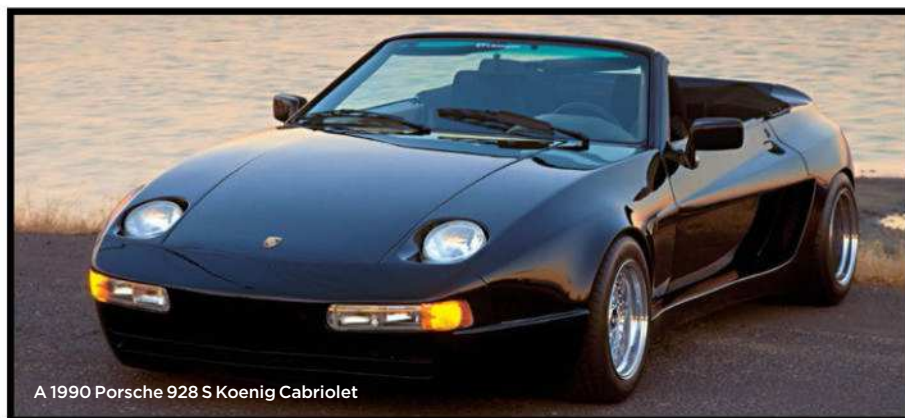
In my opinion, these will see a higher rise in value than the coupes. Expect to spend about 15 percent more than you would for a comparable coupe.

The BMW 2002

These were made from 1968 to 1975 in a few variations: 2002, 2002 tii, and 2002 Turbo. They're often referred to as the "Neue Klasse," and they were a huge success, with BMW selling just under one million units. While the Turbo is exceedingly rare and priced accordingly, with the finest examples cresting at about \$100,000, the naturally aspirated 2002 and 2002 tii cars are still reasonably priced and fairly abundant (well, maybe not the tii).

While they evolved mechanically through the ages, with the newer cars generally considered better, the later models suffered from the addition of emissions-control devices that negatively impacted reliability, and from more stringent safety standards that negatively impacted the style and design; the result was uglier bumpers and other details. The round-taillight models are considered the purest versions of the design, so my vote would be to look for a 1972 or earlier.

Across the board, the value of these cars rose about 15 percent in the last few months of 2015, but I believe that's just the beginning. A quick search of the market shows asking prices ranging from \$8,000 to \$25,000. Reasonable specimens seem to be \$12,000 and up. Tii versions put out a bit more power, with fairly complex fuel-injection systems. These are tracking at \$25,000 to \$50,000.




A 1990 Porsche 928 S Koenig Cabriolet

The Porsche 928

Love it or hate it, the 928 was a visionary car that still looks great today. Performance is also quite good, ranging from 230 horsepower in the 1978–84 versions to 345 horsepower in the GTS, which was offered in the U.S. from only 1993 to 1995. Out of the 406 GTS models made, a scant 44 were delivered with a manual transmission. Those are already high in value, with the automatic cars running \$50,000 to \$70,000; the manual transmission is considered the holy grail, priced at \$75,000 to \$125,000.


An automatic can be \$30,000 less than a car with a manual transmission, so despite their reduced collectibility, they make for a relative bargain. One may argue that the best deals to be had are on the earlier versions, like the 928, 928 S, 928 S4, or 928 GT. While lacking the stellar performance of the later versions, these can be picked up quite cheap. They also had the super-cool "phone dial" wheels and Pasha

interiors (think M. C. Escher). Warning: Of all the cars highlighted here, these can be outlandishly expensive to maintain and parts can be scarce. Stick with purchasing a fine example, and do not even think about piecing one together. You'll see enticing "project cars" priced as low as \$1,000, but look for reasonable examples that run from \$15,000 to \$45,000 (excluding the solid-gold 928 GTS, of course). 

Caveat Emptor

Things to keep in mind when buying a classic car:

- Do not fall in love with an enticingly low price for a car that needs work and expect to save money by putting it together. Unless you're planning on and qualified to do a massive restoration, smart money is spent buying the nicest example you can find.
- When it comes to cosmetics, with few exceptions, originality trumps all else. An original-paint car is far more valuable than a repainted car, because you eliminate variables and unknowns. They're only original once.
- In terms of mechanics, however, originality is not as important as it used to be. If modifications have been done that enhance the drivability of the car, it will add to its appeal. Things like disc brakes, power steering, and five-speed transmissions are all good, if they're done well.

All in all, classic cars are full of variables, and you must be open to the adventure. In the end, pursue what speaks to your soul. There are many subcultures of classic-car enthusiasts and experts, and they're always kind and helpful to a newbie. Join a community and enjoy the ride. 



A 1971 BMW 2002 tii

GREEN JUICE

Four gadgets that help save the planet—and a few bucks on your electric bill.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Sol Jam Bluetooth speaker

Ecoxgear • \$150

It's portable and waterproof, but this wireless speaker is built for more than just weekends away from power outlets. Its integrated solar panel soaks up enough photons on a semi-sunny day to power the speaker indefinitely. (Set the Sol Jam in a window at your home or office, and you'll rarely need to plug it in.) A top-mounted LED meter helps you find the optimal charging angle, and the speaker floats in case you accidentally toss it overboard. Because the panel takes in more power than the speaker uses, you can use the Sol Jam as a backup charger for phones, tablets, cameras, and other devices. Sound quality is crisp and surprisingly loud (thanks to side-mounted subwoofers) for a solar-powered system; the idea of unlimited free power for your music sounds even better.



■ Sensibo smart AC controller

Sensibo • \$199 to \$437 (one to three sensors)

Net-connected smart thermostats have revolutionized how people heat and cool their abodes, but anyone without central air has been left out in the cold (um, the blazing heat). Israeli startup Sensibo's sensor adds brains to any window- or wall-mounted AC unit that works with a remote. Just snap a Sensibo to your AC unit and sync it to the internet via the included Wi-Fi hub. The sensor monitors the weather and tracks when you're away. A free app lets you set day and sleep schedules, choose from a variety of energy-saving modes, and kick on the system when you're heading home so it's cool in time for cocktail hour.



■ Array solar backpack


Voltaic • \$379

Live off the grid wherever you lurk—or just give your gadgets a boost of extra life—with this cavernous backpack that boasts solar panels and a high-capacity battery for recharging on the run. The Array includes a mishmash of laptop, camera, tablet, and phone adapters for charging every gadget under the sun, while the battery can recharge most smartphones seven times or a full-size laptop once. Attach your gadget to the battery and the panel will trickle charge it (one hour of solar time equals about 40 minutes of laptop usage). If the day's cloudy or you can't trek with the sun at your back, you can charge the battery with a wall outlet or the included car adapter. The waterproof solar panel can be removed for easier placement in direct sunlight.



■ Ampy Move

Ampy • \$99

Solar chargers save the day when the sun is shining, but clouds really poop on your power party. Consider this the backup to your backup. It taps into a reliable source of power: you. The device, which is about the size of a deck of cards, converts your kinetic energy into electricity stored in an internal battery. Up-and-down motion generates the most juice, so strap it below your knee while you cycle or stick it to your forearm while running. You can even attach it to your dog during the day and charge with it at night. About one hour of activity generates an hour of smartphone-battery power (much more if you put your phone in sleep mode). 



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GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



■ Tom Clancy's The Division

Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

As if stampeding Walmart shoppers clobbering one another for discount Crock-Pots weren't terrifying enough, *The Division* unleashes new nightmares on the busiest shopping day of the year. The game opens with a pandemic sweeping through New York City's bustling malls on Black Friday. Holiday cheer turns to fear as shoppers drop and civilized society slides into anarchy. This new franchise for Ubisoft is set in the Tom Clancy universe, but it's not the typical tactical heroes—Sam Fisher or Rainbow Six or Ghost Recon squads—who storm the city and restore order. Instead, players activate as members of the Division, an organization of sleeper agents posing as ordinary citizens until they're needed in a time of crisis.

The Division plays a little like *Fallout 4* set in an urban jungle. This version of New York

City is an open world with day/night cycles and weather conditions that affect the fire-fights. The city's residents are terrorized by petty thugs and organized gangs, including hazmat-suited "Cleaners" who flame-broil everything and everyone in a scorched-earth effort to eradicate the pandemic. Fortunately, you can team up with other Division agents online and upgrade your abilities to push back against the chaos. Don a gas mask to raid contaminated areas for cutting-edge weapons. Chuck homing mines at enemies or drop security turrets to create a diversion. Take shelter in walk-ups, shopping centers, and skyscrapers as you battle across the boroughs, which come to gritty life courtesy of a game engine designed from the ground up for the new consoles. Black Friday never looked so horrifying.



BLASTER FROM THE PAST

■ Mighty No. 9

Deep Silver (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, 3DS, PS Vita, PC, Mac)

Old-school gamers who still pine for the fiendishly frustrating *Mega Man* side-scrollers of yore will overdose on nostalgia when they load up *Mighty No. 9*, the spiritual successor to the vintage series from its original creator. Everything about this game—from the simple visuals to the *bleep-bloop* music to the towering bosses—screams old school, the opposite of those mega-budget open-world blockbusters, including our Game of the Month, *The Division*. But *Mighty No. 9*'s runaway success on Kickstarter proves there's room for both types of games (and it doesn't hurt that this title is only \$20). Also included: competitive modes that keep you hooked long after you topple the final boss. (That is, if you manage to defeat the final boss.)

GREEN BEER

Heard the buzz? Many of today's top IPAs, inspired by marijuana, smell and taste like pot.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

Back in high school, it was easier to puff pot than purchase beer. I got high on low-rent weed—dry, harsh stuff—that lifted me up to laugh, then craved a Whopper.

I liked the flavor of pot, less so the sensation, so when our local beer drive-through took pity (and our cash), I switched my allegiance. Beer and I got along famously, turning my nerves down and the good times up. My merest quibble was flavor. We were pounding Busch and 40-ouncers of malt liquor. At best, the beers were as light and cold as water; at worst, they tasted of iron and regret.

Come college, I continued dabbling in pot, sampling higher-test stuff that tasted like pine-tree dreams. Scrumptious, but the stuff left me nonverbal, my mind racing. *Wouldn't it be great*, I stonily thought, *if you could put pot flavor in beer?* Someone already had, I discovered, when I started sipping India pale ales like Bell's Two Hearted Ale. It smelled of citrus and Pacific Northwest forests, a nod to the medical-grade marijuana my friends had started blazing. The more IPAs I sampled, the more I noticed a distinct correlation to the recreational drug. The explanation was basic botany.

Genetically speaking, hops—the flowering cones of *Humulus lupulus*—and marijuana are related. The plants are members of *Cannabaceae*, a family of flowering plants that also includes hemp and hackberry. Many varieties of hops, which lend beer bitterness, aroma, and flavor, are as dank and pungent as dispensaries' ickiest weed. The main difference is that hops lack tetrahydrocannabinol, better known as mood-adjusting THC.

For brewers, the smarter move is stuffing IPAs with so many hops that, on first whiff, the beers smell like a canned or bottled spliff. Down in Atlanta, SweetWater Brewing doles out Dank Tank releases like the Johnny Hash imperial IPA and 420 Fest Double IPA (brewed for SweetWater's annual music festival). California's Lagunitas sparks the OneHitter Series, counting the unremittingly dank, resinous Waldos' Special Ale. Boulder Beer brews the hop-charged Hazed session ale; New York's Three Heads makes the Kind IPA, with a tie-dyed hippie on the label; and last spring Colorado's Oskar Blues partnered with DC Brau to create the weed-scented Smells Like Freedom, brewed to bring attention to efforts to legalize pot in Washington, D.C.

Here are four buzz-worthy beers to slip into your stash:



SweetWater Brewing Company's Hop Hash

From 420 Extra Pale Ale to Hash Brown, the Georgians are not bashful about pot. Hop Hash is loaded with sticky lupulin “hash,” the stuff left over after hops are pelletized. Add a dab of wheat, and you have a smoothly pungent double IPA.



Oskar Blues Pinner Throwback IPA

Named after the skinny joint suited for when you just want a tiny high, Pinner is a lower-strength session IPA (see what the brewer did there?) that evokes berries and tropical fruit, citrus, and, naturally, a little green herb.



Dad & Dudes Brewery's Dank IPA

The father-son Colorado brewery recently announced its “Canna-Beers,” IPAs infused with hemp-derived cannabidiol. More conventional, but no less pro-pot, is the caramel-licked Dank, which is green and sticky in all the right places.



Sixpoint Brewery's Resin

The Brooklyn brewery is no stranger to intense IPAs, be it the Global Warmer imperial red, Sensi Harvest featuring just-plucked hops, or, most notably, Resin, a sticky-sweet celebration of the flowers' piney, herbaceous, and citrusy glory. **A+**

LEAH





GOLDEN GLOBES

Nineteen-year-old Leah Gotti was a varsity athlete in high school, and into dance and cheerleading, and she has the 34-23-38 curves to show for it. Now, her favorite way to keep that attention-grabbing ass in shape is to twerk-out. We've never seen stronger—or sexier—proof that the trendy dance move does a body good.

Photographs by Tammy Sands



"If I had to describe myself to someone who's never met me, I'd say I'm as up and down and bipolar as the weather in my home state of Texas, and as much fun as a game of capture the flag."





"They say Sagittarian women are the wild child of the zodiac, and that's definitely true for me. I love adventures. I'm always up for a road trip, and I'm the type to buy a plane ticket to a random place and just wing it."





"I'm spontaneous and wild, but also romantic. My favorite fantasy is to swim under a waterfall and find a cave full of crystals and shiny things, then make love there."







"Leaving home to work as a nude model was the biggest risk I've ever taken, but that's nothing compared to the most daring thing I've ever done: have sex while I was in the ER, complete with an IV in my arm."

SEE MORE OF LEAH AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



GREEN DAYS

With public support at an all-time high, up to a dozen states could legalize marijuana in 2016—making it likely that our next president will be forced to pick a side.

By David Bienenstock

Weed's improbable electoral winning streak may have hit a speed bump this past November, when voters in Ohio rejected statewide legalization by a wide margin, but longtime marijuana reformers maintain that the future of herbal liberation in America nonetheless remains bright green. For starters, the simple fact that legalization was on the ballot in a conservative state like Ohio, in a nonpresidential election—and that people expected it to win—says volumes about how overwhelmingly the political winds have shifted over the past few years. In 2012, for example, when Colorado and Washington became the first states to approve possession of marijuana for all adults 21 and over, in addition to state-licensed commercial cultivation and retail sales, many in the political world were shocked. Neither major party had endorsed legalization, after all, nor did the religious right, the professional left, labor unions, or Wall Street—yet more citizens in both electorates cast votes in favor of legal weed than for President Obama, who easily won both states. Two years later, Oregon, Alaska, and Washington, D.C., followed suit in freeing the weed,

officially transforming cannabis legalization from a lost cause to a political inevitability.

All of which makes us ask, So what happened in Ohio?

Legalization backers are quick to point out that the Buckeye State's failed measure was deeply flawed from its conception, and that the campaign to get it passed was hopelessly inept. Polls leading up to Election Day showed that Ohioans widely supported legalization in theory, but strongly objected to provisions within the proposed constitutional amendment that would have created a kind of pot-grower oligarchy by restricting commercial cannabis cultivation to only ten sites in the state, all rooted to specific land parcels already controlled by the amendment's wealthy financial backers.

"A clear majority of Ohioans support legalizing marijuana, but voters won't tolerate this issue being taken over by greedy special interests," according to Tom Angell, chairman of Marijuana Majority, a leading legalization-advocacy organization. "Our ongoing national movement to end marijuana prohibition is focused on civil rights, health, and public safety, not profits for small groups of investors."

It also didn't help that the face of the Ohio legalization campaign, "Buddie," was a ludicrous superhero mascot with a marijuana bud for a head that the amendment's campaign brain trust sent on a widely panned college tour. Between the offensive crony capitalism of the pro-legalization amendment and the tone-deaf outreach efforts of the would-be oligarchs pulling the strings, even many longtime marijuana advocates found themselves coming out in opposition of the amendment on the grounds that Ohio (and the nation) deserves better than yet another corporate cash grab.

"It's a shame Ohio voters didn't have the opportunity to consider sensible legalization in 2015," Angell says. "But a majority of Americans continue to support legalization, and that's why we're going to see a large number of states voting on—and passing—truly responsible marijuana ballot measures in 2016."

CALIFORNIA DREAMING

There's no place where the stakes are higher than California. With a population of nearly 40 million, and the world's eighth largest economy, the home of both Humboldt County and Snoop Dogg has long been a global leader in marijuana cultivation and culture. Lately, Colorado's been stealing the headlines (and the tourists) as the center of the legal-marijuana industry, but that will change quickly if and when the Golden State officially goes green. Lawmakers in Sacramento already passed the Medical Marijuana Regulation and Safety Act, bringing comprehensive

oversee cannabis cultivation, and the Department of Public Health would regulate laboratories dedicated to testing all legal marijuana products for potency and purity.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Up until now, pot has factored into America's presidential elections in one of two ways: Either a candidate sheepishly admits to "experimenting" with marijuana as a youth, or a candidate decides to score cheap political points by trashing an opponent as being soft on drugs. But this time around, that dynamic has been turned on its head. With 58 percent of Americans now favoring legalization, according to a recent Gallup poll, it's now much more likely that a politician will take heat for supporting the status quo when it comes to the War on Weed than for going too easy on dope smokers.

"A strong and growing majority of Americans support making marijuana legal, and many candidates don't want to appear out of touch with the electorate," according to Mason Tvert, director of communications for the Marijuana Policy Project. "Could you imagine the United States electing a president who supports alcohol prohibition?"

Most notably, Vermont senator Bernie Sanders made ending the federal prohibition of marijuana part of his standard stump speech in his race against Hillary Clinton for the Democratic nomination. "The time is long overdue for us to take marijuana off the federal government's list of outlawed drugs," Sanders declared at a campaign stop in Virginia in October, shortly before

Marijuana could emerge as one of the big issues of the 2016 presidential campaign, with pot on the ballot in several states potentially bringing out younger and more socially liberal voters in record numbers.

"seed to sale" statewide regulation to the California pot industry. This November at least one, and perhaps several, recreational-legalization ballot initiatives will go before voters.

"California has always been the epicenter of cannabis culture in this country, and politically, without any question, it's our most important state to win," says Keith Stroup, founder and legal counsel of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). "The sheer size of California makes it a real challenge, but that huge population and economy also means that victory would ensure we move well past the tipping point for legalization nationwide. Then it would only be a matter of time for the rest of the country to fall in line."

At this point, tech billionaire Sean Parker is spearheading the only 2016 California initiative with significant financial backing. Best known for cofounding the file-sharing service Napster and serving as Facebook's first president, Parker brings little relevant marijuana-reform experience to the table, but his deep pockets and political connections have been enough to put his initiative well ahead of several that were written and backed by longtime pot advocates. Parker's initiative would allow every adult 21 and over to buy and possess up to an ounce of cannabis at a time, and to grow up to six plants at home. The California Department of Consumer Affairs would regulate medical and recreational marijuana, including assessing a 15 percent excise tax on both, with additional state and local taxes on recreational sales. California would also tax commercial marijuana cultivation to the tune of \$9.25 for every ounce of dried buds and \$2.75 an ounce for leaves. The Department of Consumer Affairs would license retail stores, the Department of Food and Agriculture would

submitting a bill in the senate to do just that. "In my view, states should have the right to regulate marijuana the same way that state and local laws now govern sales of alcohol and tobacco."

Naturally, when those pro-pot overtures proved popular—particularly among younger and more liberal voters (duh)—Clinton quickly came out with a few marijuana reforms of her own, like moving the drug from Schedule I (alongside heroin) to Schedule II (alongside cocaine) as a way to help researchers more readily unlock its medicinal benefits. She wants to wait to see how marijuana legalization plays out in a handful of pioneering states before changing federal policy, though she does pledge not to interfere in states that take the leap.

On the Republican side, the libertarian wing of the party sees marijuana legalization as both sound public policy and a necessary nod to a large and growing political constituency. But any candidate who thinks too far outside the box risks alienating the GOP's base of elderly, angry conservatives, so even Rand Paul, the party's leading libertarian voice, stops short of calling for federal legalization, even though he's cosponsored several progressive marijuana bills in the senate and takes a strong states-rights position on jurisdictions where it's legal.

Meanwhile, among the more than a dozen other Republicans who've made serious bids for the presidency this time around, only Marco Rubio, Ben Carson, Chris Christie, and Rick Santorum expressed a clear desire to use federal law to shut down Denver's pot shops. The rest vowed to keep the feds out of Colorado and every other jurisdiction where marijuana is legal.

Depending on who ends up winning the Republican nomination, marijuana could emerge as one of the big issues

of the 2016 presidential campaign, particularly if a hard-line marijuana prohibitionist has to repeatedly defend that increasingly unpopular position. Political progressives also express hope that having pot on the ballot in several states will bring out younger and more socially liberal voters in record numbers, meaning pot could be an issue that affects other races. "A lot of people might be more excited to vote if they have the opportunity to end marijuana prohibition in their state," says Tvert, of the Marijuana Policy Project. "In races that really come down to the wire, it could make a difference."

THE NEW FRONTIER

By any objective standard, marijuana legalization has been a big success in Colorado and Washington. There's more than two years of data to go on, and all of it shows huge savings on enforcement—we're talking savings on everything from police-officer man-hours to body armor for SWAT teams to treats for drug-sniffing dogs—coupled with a massive tax windfall and a business boom, with no attendant rise in crime, hard-drug abuse, or traffic fatalities. It's no wonder a growing number of states are looking to jump on the legal-weed bandwagon. Here's a list of the leading contenders for this year.

Arizona

Arizona already has legal medical-marijuana cultivation and retail sales, and in November voters will likely decide on two separate measures that would go even further, one to legalize recreational marijuana and another to allow industrial hemp farming.

Florida

After narrowly failing to pass medical marijuana in 2014 (the state requires a 60 percent majority to pass a voter initiative), advocates in the Sunshine State say they'll try again in 2016. A separate group, meanwhile, has begun gathering signatures for an effort to vote in full legalization.

Maine

After a serious bout of infighting behind the scenes, two competing reform groups have come together to back the same legalization initiative, which will very likely make this November's ballot. If passed, the initiative would legalize purchase and possession of up to 2.5 ounces of marijuana for adults, while permitting taxed and regulated commercial cultivation and sales.

Massachusetts

Under current law, thanks to a successful 2008 ballot initiative, an individual in Massachusetts can only be fined up to \$100 for possession of an ounce of marijuana. At the time it passed, that state policy ranked among the most progressive in the land, but now it seems woefully outdated; reformers will be running a full tax-and-regulate initiative on the 2016 ballot. If passed, all adults 21 and over would be able to buy and possess up to an ounce of marijuana and to grow up to six plants, while the state would regulate commercial cultivation and sales.

Michigan

Multiple groups in Michigan say they're on track to collect enough signatures to put marijuana legalization on the ballot in 2016. One effort, backed by a Republican political strategist, would tightly regulate home grows to just two plants and largely let the state legislature decide how to tax commercial cultivation and sales, while a rival initiative, backed by local marijuana activists, would allow home grows of up to 12 plants and set caps on taxes and licensing fees as a way to promote small businesses in the industry.

Nevada

Nevada was once ranked high among the worst states to get caught in with even a small amount of marijuana, but it now looks poised to legalize in 2016. Two years ago, the state legislature passed a medical-marijuana law to regulate both cultivation and retail sales, prompting the first dispensaries to open in late 2014. This November, recreational pot will be on the ballot thanks to Initiative Petition 1, which would tax and regulate marijuana similarly to alcohol.

New Jersey

Despite virulent objection from Governor Chris Christie, lawmakers in the Garden State recently held their first official hearing in the state senate to discuss legalizing recreational marijuana. The plan faces an uphill fight, but reformers say that while it may take time to pass, it's inevitable.

New York

The Empire State's extremely limited medical-marijuana system didn't even have a chance to fully take effect before forward-thinking lawmakers in Albany started working on a plan to pass full legalization. Unfortunately, while there's widespread popular support for legalization, New York lacks a provision for a voter initiative. That means the Marijuana Regulation and Taxation Act could take years to earn enough support to get passed into law.


Rhode Island

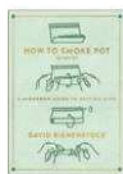
Lawmakers are currently seriously considering passing marijuana legalization, and with a recent poll showing that 57 percent of Rhode Island voters support replacing marijuana prohibition with regulation, why wouldn't they?

Vermont

With Governor Peter Shumlin fully on board, Vermont's legislature is currently working toward making the Green Mountain State the first in the nation to pass full marijuana legalization through the statehouse rather than via voter initiative. If that happens, it will be a landmark achievement in turning marijuana legalization into a mainstream political position.

LAST PLACE

Americans repealed alcohol prohibition via the Twenty-first Amendment more than 80 years ago, and yet there are still "dry" counties and towns in this great nation where you can drink beer, wine, and spirits but can't legally sell them. Perhaps marijuana will never be fully legalized nationwide either, but predicting which state will be the last to stop arresting adults for simple possession presents an interesting mental exercise for longtime reformers. NORML's Keith Stroup predicts, "Based on my 45 years of working on legalization, Oklahoma will be the last of the 50 states to legalize, but Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina will not be far ahead." 



David Bienenstock is the author of *The Official High Times Pot Smoker's Handbook* and the upcoming *How to Smoke Pot (Properly): A Highbrow Guide to Getting High*.



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SIRENS

THE INSTANT CLASSIC

Nikki Hill is winning us over with her old-school, blues-infused rock 'n' roll.
Interview by Kara Wahlgren

A few years ago, Nikki Hill was working as a personal trainer and bartender. Then she decided, on a whim, to hit the road with her guitarist husband and play a few small gigs for some side cash. Her raucous onstage energy and raspy, soulful voice drew plenty of attention, and suddenly she was getting compared to a mix of legends, from AC/DC and the Rolling Stones to Amy Winehouse. "It's a trip to hear names like that," says the Durham, North Carolina-bred singer, who now calls New Orleans home. "For me, those are the kings and queens. I feel like I'm the court jester in the midst of all of them." But we won't be surprised to see her holding her own among rock royalty soon enough.



You've said becoming a musician wasn't your original plan.

No, it wasn't. As a teenager getting into the punk-rock scene, I was always interested in talking with musicians who would come through town. I always thought it was a stupid idea, because it seemed to be really tough. But once you do it, you get it. You question it every day, but you still get it.

Your style has been described as everything from roots to blues to rock. How would you describe it?
We just say we're a rock 'n' roll band. For me, that makes sense. We can do blues, we can do soul, we can do rhythm and blues, and it all kind of fits under that umbrella. So we usually stick to rock 'n' roll, and it doesn't seem like people disagree.

It's more like the origins of rock.
Exactly! There would definitely be no rock 'n' roll without blues. And I think soul and country and gospel and rhythm and blues, they all stem from one another and influence each other in a lot of ways.

Did you have a lightbulb moment when you found your style?
I'm still figuring it out, actually. I think it's a bad thing to think you've got what you're doing defined. It's good

to keep your ears open and keep learning. I definitely feel a lot more comfortable now, which is great, but of course you always want to get better.

Tell us about the title of your album *Heavy Hearts, Hard Fists*.

When I wrote the song, I didn't have any clue what direction I was going to go in, so I just started letting stuff come out. And apparently I still had some hang-ups about past relationships. *Heavy Hearts, Hard Fists* came up, and I questioned myself, like, *Wow, that's supermoody—is it really a negative thing?* Now I feel like it can be interpreted in a couple of ways—hard fists can be the fight, or it can be you fighting back. To me, music is the healer, so I'd like to think it's about fighting back.

This is your second album. How has your songwriting changed?

With the first record, it wasn't even really released properly. There wasn't a date, or press surrounding it. It was kind of like a trial run. But I think it's awesome that we've had such a cool fan base that knows this is developing. There's about two years in between the releases, and I feel like the time on the road is reflected on the album. Everything's tightened up in a good way, and there's just more unity there.

Do you write better on the road or at home?

A little bit of both. The ideas are coming constantly, so there's lots of scraps of paper, bar napkins, scraps of toilet paper, paper towels, set-list sheets—anywhere I can write shit down. Then that usually gets dumped on the floor when I get home on a small break, and I start piecing it all together. I'll go back to a melody: *Does it sound shitty now? Did I just think it was really cool because I was listening to some record and way too stoned or drunk?*

You're married to your guitar player, Matt. Where do you find inspiration, since you hopefully don't have a lot of heartbreak to draw from?
There's a song on the new record

called "Nothin' With You," which is definitely the happier side—it's one of the love tributes to my husband. Inspiration comes from all over the place. I definitely don't want to be the heartbreak songwriter!

You were into the punk scene as a teenager, and you sang in a church choir. Did either of those influence you musically?

Growing up in a college town, I was lucky to see a lot of bands live. I was able to check out bands like Dexter Romweber and Flat Duo Jets—these groups that ended up influencing people like the White Stripes. It's hard for that to *not* have an influence on you. And when I was singing gospel as a kid ... there's something really neat about the reaction to the music. People are freaking out, and there was something superattractive about that, like, *Wow, this music has a lot of power.* So that really stuck with me, too. When you're young, it just feels like your parents are dragging you there. And then later on, you end up discovering these artists that also came up through church, or you see a video of Sister Rosetta Tharpe shredding on a guitar—little things like that made me realize, *Man, that's definitely a huge influence on how I approach music.*

Do you remember the first album you bought?


The very first album I ever bought myself was probably No Doubt's *Tragic Kingdom*. It would have been followed by the Clash's *London Calling*.

How do you get psyched-up before a show?

We're usually cranking some AC/DC before a show, or some Otis Redding live—something like that usually gets us pretty pumped for the show. A couple of drinks doesn't hurt either.

In a dream world, who would you tour with?

Oh, wow. I would love to do a tour with AC/DC. I would love to do one with the X-Pensive Winos, Keith Richards's solo project. The Alabama Shakes—that would be a fun tour. I'd love to tour with St. Paul and the Broken Bones—they seem like they'd be a fun group. We really dig their music, too. If anybody's fun, we're down.

Anything else coming up?
We're just busting ass. That's about it. 

ERICA SIMONE

Our series of artist portfolios continues with an award-winning photographer who's been published in *National Geographic*, *New York* magazine, *El Mundo*, and other publications. She's also been featured in dozens of exhibitions worldwide.

Erica Simone splits her time among New York, Paris, and Los Angeles, but New York City is where she stripped down for the camera for her current project, on which she worked for six years. Initially inspired during Fashion Week, Simone wondered what it would be like if we didn't have clothing as signifiers of class and wealth. She says, "I wanted to become vulnerable and create metaphorical images where clothing was no longer a tool for self-expression." "Nue York: Self-Portraits of a Bare Urban Citizen" features Simone posing totally naked in otherwise mundane settings around the city. Everyday errands—buying a hot dog from a street vendor, exiting a cab, shopping in a bodega—take on a surreal beauty.

Earlier this year, the photographs were shown at Castle Fitzjohns Gallery in Manhattan, where ten percent of the sales from her prints and books benefited Beauty for Freedom, a charity that fights human trafficking. Simone is an ambassador for the charity, and has additional projects lined up with it later this year in Asia. She also sells signed and limited-edition prints, postcards, and books on her website, EricaSimone.com.

It's often said that the French have a more relaxed attitude toward sex and nudity than Americans. Do you think living in Paris has had any influence on how you were able to bare yourself in public?

The French, and most Europeans in general, are much more open about nudity than Americans. Nudity and sex in advertising and on TV are quite prominent there, and kids grow up with them simply being less taboo. My upbringing in Paris definitely shifted my general feelings about sexuality, but more so, my parenting. My parents always had nude photography in the house; they are extremely open-minded and liberal people who never judged or put taboos on things in general. They respected the body as a beautifully natural part of being human.

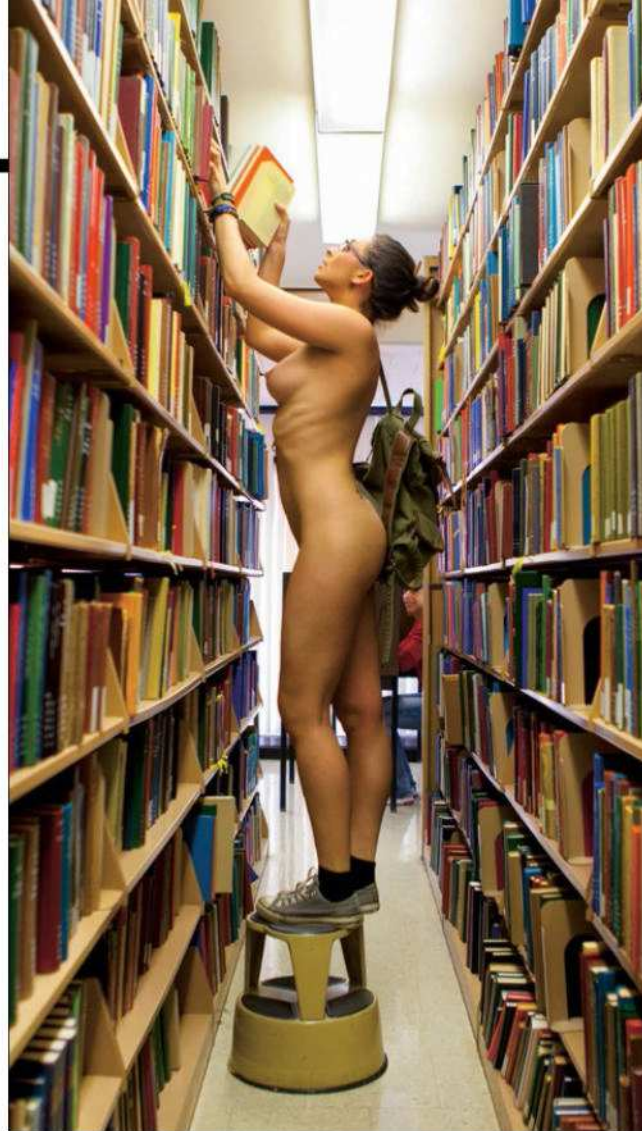
Have you shot nudes for any other projects?



Yes, I have shot quite a lot of nudes—of friends, models, clients.... I think the female body is stunning.

Why did you decide to use yourself as the model?

Several ideas came to mind when I was conceptualizing this project. Initially, the thought was to photograph someone else, but as I thought more about it, it seemed like



a much more interesting project to do the series as self-portraits, which would also unify them as a collection. As the photographer and the model, I was able to manifest exactly what I wanted from the image and create greater challenges and therefore rewards. It also became intriguing for me to put myself in that vulnerable place and experiment with going

outside my comfort zone. I'm not an exhibitionist, so this wasn't something that was particularly easy for me—but it was definitely a huge rush, a risk, and has been a lot of fun.

Did you encounter any trouble or danger during your shoots?

I've had a lot of luck with the shoots, considering I've done about 65 of them. I never felt much in danger, besides once being hollered at by a bunch of rough basketball players in a court who saw me on the other side of a fence and attempted to bolt toward me, but I quickly took off. It ended up being hilarious.

Do any of the images have a funny anecdote associated with them?

They all have some great anecdotes, but the one in front of the Paris Cafe was pretty funny. I was with my close friend Dean Winters, who is a



famous actor, and so naturally he started drawing attention, to the point where a police car crept up and sat nearby watching. I thought I was going to have to pick up and leave because, technically, it's illegal. I waited a bit for them to leave but they didn't, so Dean ended up going up to the policemen and had a little chat with them and explained what I was doing. He batted his famous eyelashes, and they actually said they wouldn't arrest me as long as they could watch! So, a bit on the edge, I carried out the shoot, and after it was done, they called out on the loudspeaker, "Do a second take!" Definitely the last thing I thought I would be hearing from cops, who could have easily arrested me.

information and establishing dynamics. Do you think nudity has a language?

I think that everything we do has a language, it just depends how we use it. A lot of people use nudity to convey sexuality, but I don't think nudity is limited to sexuality. Some people just want to be free and feel one with nature. Many tribal cultures live in the nude. In modern society, walking around city streets naked has a much different message than on a beach, for example.

In your opinion, what makes a photograph interesting or remarkable?

It's hard to express, but I'm typically drawn to a photograph when the subject, composition, color, and light

"I'm not an exhibitionist, so this wasn't something that was particularly easy for me—but it was definitely a huge rush."

Since you took the images over a six-year period, did you make an effort to keep yourself looking the same during that time?

Not really, although I've always tried to stay healthy and in decent shape regardless. My weight has fluctuated over the years, and I just embraced it as much as possible. It was important for me to feel the same sense of bravery and to do my best to not let vanity hold me back from creating, which was another goal of this process: to overcome certain insecurities ... some of which I did, some of which I still haven't. But that's just human nature, I guess. The project is really about feeling complete in our skin, without the need for clothing or fashion to dictate who we are as people, so within that, it was important for me to be comfortable, regardless of how I was feeling about myself physically.

You've said that clothing is a "silent language," conveying

all work into a powerful image that stays ingrained in my mind. I like creativity and uniqueness; I like bold colors, interesting people, and bold statements. A beautifully captured moment or a stunning fine-art piece that just makes me stop and stare—that's what gets me off.

Do you remember when you saw your first issue of *Penthouse*? Has the imagery in *Penthouse* impacted your work at all?

Yes, vividly. My dad used to keep a stack of *Penthouse* magazines on a table in my parents' bedroom. When I was about six or seven, I apparently took a few of them from the stack—I guess my friends and I would look through them. In any event, my mom found them under my bed one time and simply put them back where they came from. She never said a word about it until I was much older and wanted to have a laugh with me. 



How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under \$200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his \$14,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the *Stauer Corso*, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for only \$179. And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

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REEFER

California's flourishing marijuana scene includes a grass-roots women's movement that's geared as much toward the industry insider as it is the fledgling pot smoker. And as goes California, so goes (hopefully) the nation.

By Sarah Walker

According to a 2015 Gallup poll, men are twice as likely as women to smoke weed, but this will undoubtedly change as legalization spreads, and the stigma around pot smoking fades. Meanwhile, the number of women working in the fast-growing industry is on the rise, and they're breaking through what's being called the "green ceiling."

State by state, America is slowly ditching its conservative groupthink when it comes to medical marijuana. It's become irrefutable that, for a growing number of people, it's an effective natural alternative to pharmaceuticals as treatment for, just to start, migraines, arthritis,

chronic pain, anxiety, and epilepsy. Of course, it's long been known that it's an effective treatment for cancer patients suffering the toxic side effects of chemotherapy.

California was the first state to legalize medical marijuana with the Compassionate Use Act in 1996. The state's ballot on recreational marijuana is scheduled for this November, though it almost seems a formality, at least for state residents. "Recommendations" (as they're called) are easy to get—all you need is a driver's license, a doctor's written consent, and \$100 annually for a medical-marijuana ID card. As a friend in San Francisco recently quipped, "Here, everyone's sick."

Although the medical-marijuana movement is an inherently progressive one, it remains an industry dominated by men, with most of its marketing and advertising

forming around the country. But while support is growing for women entrepreneurs, for the average female pot smoker, or for someone who's merely curious about marijuana's health benefits, it can still seem like a boy's club.

Seibo Shen is the 38-year-old owner of the San Francisco-based company VapeXhale, which manufactures high-end vaporizers. He's long been aware of the issues women face, and mentioned it to a friend, Danielle Negrin, who at the time worked for the cannabis review website Leafly. "We began talking about the things we could do to make women feel more comfortable in an industry that doesn't really cater to them," Shen says. "Ten thousand people show up [at trade shows], and there are hundreds of vendors, smoking devices, edibles, and clothing.

The parties are women only, and attendees are encouraged to try out the various products.

geared toward a straight male demographic; all the proof you need of this is an issue of *High Times* magazine. Marijuana trade shows are notorious for their longstanding "boobs and buds" mentality, with wet T-shirt contests and bikini-clad women handing out joints. (Not that there's anything wrong with that.)

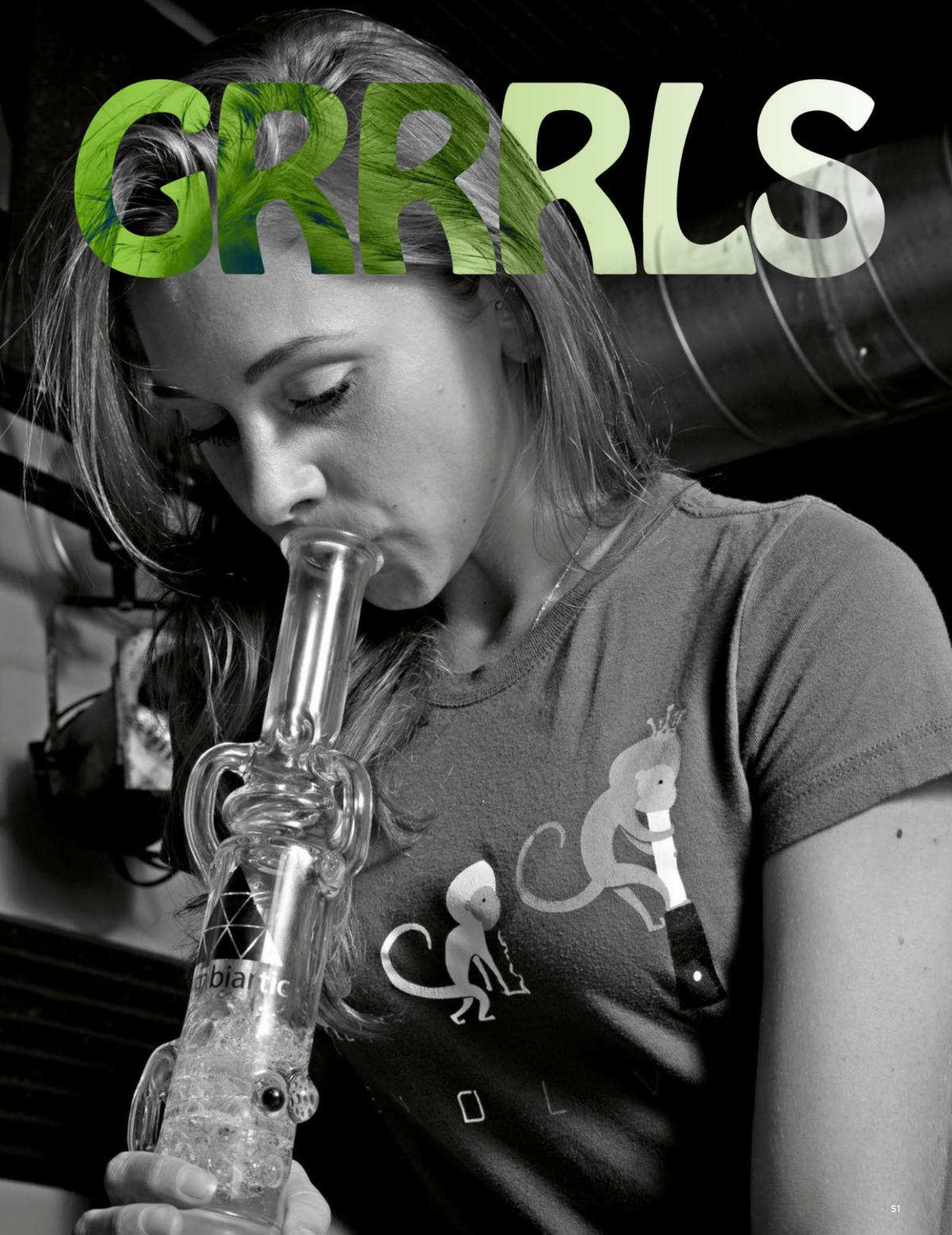
The Denver-based organization Women Grow, which was founded in 2014 after Colorado's Amendment 64 went into effect, seeks to empower female cannabis business owners through networking and education, and there are chapters

And the thing you'll notice is, it's extremely male-dominated. It's like going to a car show." According to Shen, many dispensaries have the same bro-friendly vibe, which makes a lot of women uncomfortable. "We figured out that women disproportionately use cannabis-delivery services because they don't want to deal with going into a dispensary where it's all men."

To combat the problem, in February 2015, Shen and Negrin began hosting cannabis parties for professional women from all walks



GRRRLS



of life—not just industry insiders interested in networking, but women who are curious about marijuana and want to know more. “Women over 35 are cautious about who knows they use cannabis because they grew up being told it was bad,” says Shen, citing the “this is your brain on drugs” ad campaign from the 1980s. “We wanted to make it easier for them to learn more about dispensaries, vaping devices, and edibles in a safe and comfortable environment.” He adds, laughing, “I’m not allowed at these parties.”

The first event was held at a private loft space. “We posted an ad on Craigslist, and marketed to women who wanted to learn more about cannabis use for health,” Shen tells us. Turnout was modest in the beginning, but that quickly changed. “It started out with eight or nine people, and it’s increased by about 50 percent each time.” Invites now spread through word of mouth, and with the help of Start Synchronicity, another San Francisco organization that hosts cannabis get-togethers for women, which posts the info on its website.

Every pot party kicks off with what Shen calls “foundational knowledge.” He says, “It’s essentially a 20-minute basics, such as the difference between all the various cannabinoids, sativa, and indica—strains that have more psychoactive effects, while some are not psychoactive at all, but [for example] act as anti-inflammatories. Once they have that baseline knowledge, we try to curate cool new things we like, and the different ways to consume it.”

Aurora Seavy, a 38-year-old former government researcher, attended one of the parties last summer. “I started taking cannabis on a regular basis because I have extreme anxiety,” she tells us. She discovered that small doses of marijuana chocolates helped her relax, and allowed her to focus at work. She has since started her own company, making edibles infused with organically grown cannabis. “The Women Grow events allow men to attend,” Seavy says, “but these parties are for women only.” Another key difference is that attendees are encouraged to try out the various products—mainly vaporizers and edibles—which isn’t allowed at the Women Grow events.

“This party was nice because it was intimate,” Seavy continues. “It was

Cannabis parties are for women from all walks of life—not just industry insiders, but women who are curious about marijuana.

all walks of life—anywhere from mid-twenties to late sixties, mostly white women, with a few African-American and Latina ladies, so a good swath of fabric from the community. The knowledge base went from expert to complete novice; some didn’t know what THC was, while others had worked in the industry forever. There were also women who were transitioning from their corporate careers into the cannabis industry.”

The party Seavy attended was held in the back room of a dispensary. “It was kind of hilarious,” she says. “There are a lot of different types of dispensaries in San Francisco, and this was definitely one of the seedier ones. So you’ve got this old sleazy bar, darkly lit with smoke everywhere, and it’s all these dudes hanging out, and in walks a group of 20 good-looking, well-dressed successful women. Literally, heads turned and jaws dropped—lots of really stereotypical stares and reactions.”

For cannabisbusiness owners like Seavy, the party offered an

opportunity to speak with other women in the industry. “It was a chance to hear about their companies and ask questions,” she says, “and then of course they broke out the vaporizer and it turned into a big party. Everyone was pretty high and laughing and having a good time. It was pretty jovial and fun, which wasn’t the case at the other events I’d gone to, where you couldn’t smoke.”

The attendees weren’t as up-front about their health concerns, but, for some, it may be a case of too much too soon. “One woman was really into the idea of cannabis as an aphrodisiac, which I can attest to,” Seavy says. “But people weren’t confessing their health problems—to me, that’s what I want to talk to people about on a one-on-one basis. But if they wanted to find out more, that’s where they’d get started. It’s an introduction to marijuana’s potential uses, and a space to ask those questions as you want to.”





EMBRACE THE SUCK



The illustration depicts a man in a green military jacket with an American flag patch on the sleeve. He is wearing a black baseball cap with "U.S. ARMED FORCES" and "VETERAN" in yellow lettering, and a dog tag hangs from his neck. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. A large plume of white smoke rises from the cigarette, and within the smoke, the faces of three soldiers in combat gear are visible, appearing as if they are emerging from or part of the smoke itself. The background is a dark, smoky grey.

POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS RELIEF

Many vets with PTSD are successfully self-medicating with marijuana, bringing new meaning to the phrase "smoke 'em if you've got 'em."

By Matt Gallagher • Illustration by Tom Velez



friend of mine who lives in Queens—let's call him Josh—smokes weed every day. It's usually one of the first things he does after he wakes up, and it's always the last thing he does before he goes to bed. Josh has a steady office job, an apartment with a guest bedroom, and a cat he rescued from a local shelter. Josh doesn't drink much, and hasn't touched any other drugs for years. Yet twice a week, crunchy-looking hipster bros ride their bikes up to his building near the East River, get buzzed in, and unpack a box of ganja baggies.

Like a lot of the hipster bros' customers, Josh's favorite strain is the Sour Diesel. The reasons Josh smokes, though, are unlike those of the hipster bros' other customers. He's a former paratrooper who served in both Afghanistan and Iraq. He was shot at on a regular basis in the former, and his vehicle was struck by a roadside bomb in the latter. The VA diagnosed him with post-traumatic

service-related PTSD, nor will he be the last. The blazin' Vietnam vet has been a fixture in the American imagination for decades, and for good reason. Meanwhile, according to a 2012 VA report, nearly 30 percent of veterans who served in Afghanistan or Iraq suffer from PTSD and/or depression.

The moral wounds of war, such as they are, can't be pillowed away. Despite this, the feds' official position on medicinal marijuana remains strangely antiquated. "The belief that marijuana can be used to treat PTSD is limited to anecdotal reports," according to the official VA website. "There have been no randomized controlled trials, a necessary 'gold standard' for determining efficacy."


Can such a panacea, or "gold standard," be found for something as unique and singular as post-traumatic stress, though? That's what a variety of government studies are trying to determine, including one that's being overseen by the Department of Health and Human Services. While

a dark joke among old soldiers.

Stick service members full of a battery of shots like the anthrax vaccine before a deployment? No problem. Side effects are for pussies!

Ignore for years the variety of medical issues stemming from burn pits, until some magic threshold is crossed so a registry is finally formed? Okay, fine, but only if it will stop the negative stories in the media.

Let vets who gave their youth and full selves to their country in a time of war get high? Oh, God, not that! Clutch your pearls and think of the children! This is America; there are rules.

The paradoxes and inanities of bureaucracy aren't new to anyone who served in the military, so it's no wonder many vets are like Josh, not just cutting through the proverbial red tape, but skipping it altogether. "I haven't been back to the VA for a couple of years," Josh says, "for pills or anything else." He's overdue on his physical, though. He'll go back for that, I'm sure. 

Nearly 30 percent of veterans who served in Afghanistan or Iraq suffer from PTSD and/or depression, but the feds' official position on medicinal marijuana remains strangely antiquated—yet another way the government is failing vets.

stress disorder in 2010.

"Weed saved me from myself," Josh tells me. (He agreed to be interviewed on the condition that a pseudonym was used, saying, "My boss is a prick and would probably freak.") "I was kind of a wreck after our last tour. I knew I had to get out [of the military]. I'd done my time, you know? I went to the VA at my then-girlfriend's request, and doctors prescribed a bunch of pills: shit to sleep, and shit for anxiety and depression. They were just mixing and matching, though, trying to find the magic combo. Felt like my brain was a science experiment.

"Then one night a friend told me to smoke with him," Josh continues. "I wouldn't say relief was instant, but it was damn close.... Everything felt like it'd be okay again, for the first time in a long while. [Marijuana] didn't get me back to normal, exactly. But it did help me find my new normal, if that makes sense."

Josh is not the first young veteran to self-medicate with weed to combat


we were waiting—and continue to wait—the Senate Appropriations Committee approved the Veterans Equal Access Amendment in May 2015, which allows VA doctors to recommend medicinal marijuana to patients as they see fit. You know, allowing doctors to do doctor stuff.

Such legislative progress, incremental and belated as it is, still isn't proving linear. In July 2015, the Colorado Board of Health—Colorado, with its legal recreational pot!—rejected a measure that would have added PTSD to the list of conditions that qualify for treatment with medical marijuana. Fear not, intrepid reader: Colorado vets battling their inner demons will have no problem getting access to Zoloft or Prozac or Paxil. Those are good drugs, apparently. Marijuana, though—somehow that's still part of the bad-drugs gang.

This is yet another way in which our politicians and bureaucrats are failing the veterans' community. Where the "to care for him who shall have borne the battle" rings hollow and becomes

This is the Green Issue, so let's transition from weed to greenbacks in the form of a shameless book plug: My novel, *Youngblood*, came out February 2. It's available wherever books are sold (your local indie bookstore, Barnes & Noble, Amazon.... Maybe give it a couple of months before it shows up in your grandpa's dusty basement). If you've enjoyed the Embrace the Suck columns, I hope you'll give *Youngblood* a look-see. It's set during the most recent American withdrawal from Iraq, and is a fictional reckoning of sorts. There's a ghost story in there, a love story (American soldier and sheikh's daughter—*scandalous*), and, yes, a lot of shit blows the fuck up. It is a war novel, after all.



Get *Youngblood*, yo! Daddy's got to get that premium dog food for his boy. 

LET'S PLAY DOCTOR

Our March Pet of the Month, Blake Eden, is finishing up her pre-med degree this spring, and looking forward to working as a doctor someday. She tells us, "As a doctor, I'll be able to touch people's hearts." Blake, who's unquestionably the cure for many ills, can touch us anywhere and any time she wants.

Photographs by Tammy Sands







“While I’m in school, I’m working as a model. I love the travel, and inspiring others to love their bodies and never be ashamed. It’s great to be able to help people smile or get a boner.”



“The most remarkable sexual experience I’ve ever had was with my female best friend while her boyfriend watched. But the most exciting place I’ve had sex is in the bathroom of a Mexican restaurant.”







“My biggest turn-on is when someone knows how to get me off. It’s a huge turn-off when someone is focused on only their needs.”



“When I’m dating
someone new, I know
it’s time to make love
when the chemistry
clicks. Then, it’s easy
to let him know what
I want by flirting.”



libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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BLAKE EDEN MARCH 2016 PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:
36-25-37; 5'7"
19 years old

Hometown:
Phoenix, Arizona.

Your favorite things about your hometown:
Mexican food and the Arizona State Sun Devils.

Your favorite vacation spot:
Hawaii and Ibiza. The water and island life make my soul happy.

Your dream vacation spot:
Brazil, because the beaches look gorgeous.

Your favorite way to work out:
Sex! Um, dancing.

Your favorite way to relax:
Lying on a lounge chair next to a beach with a drink in my hand.

Your favorite TV show:
Sex in the City.

Your favorite movie:
Eyes Wide Shut. It has the hottest sex scene!

Your favorite kind of music:
Electronic.

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The GOP Cage Fight

This year's race for the Republican nomination was a straight line from Ancient Greece in 648 B.C. to (maybe) the White House in A.D. 2017.

By Steve Faber • Illustration by Jon Liang

It began underground, away from the prying eyes of what then comprised Ancient Greek law enforcement (what "Ancient Greek law enforcement" looked like is up for grabs). However, its popularity drove it above ground. It became an Olympic event called Pankration, introduced into the games in 648 B.C. There were no rules. No rules? Odd for an Olympic sport, no? Two men, wearing nothing but cloth around their fists, beating, punching, kicking—essentially pummeling the living shit out of each other—until one of the men either died or was close to death or simply lay on the ground faking the "close to death" look, which looks a lot like ... death. I suppose that was the only "rule." Kill your opponent.

These men were called Pankratiasts. The ultimate winner, after defeating his opponent, received the Ancient Greek version of the gold medal, which involved neither gold nor a medal. The runner-up (what we now call the silver medalist) received nothing, as he was in no shape to accept anything. The Ancient Greeks built statues to honor the winners, while the runners-up received no memorial except, perhaps, being the subject of a passing remark at an after-orgy get-together. ("Hey, you folks remember Euphemios? Hell of a guy, right? Too bad Hermokrates beat him to death. Oh, well. Hey! Who's up for another orgy?")

As Pankration spread through Southern, Central, Eastern, and Western Europe, certain aspects changed: The events were moved indoors to music halls and theaters; women were allowed to attend; betting on these matches morphed from private indiscretions to public no-brainers (and was good for the venue holding the fights). By the late 1800s, cages were introduced, built to keep the fighters in and the audience out; what was once considered a low-class display of vulgarity became an upper-class meditation on the fine art of killing someone with bare hands.

As the cage fight began creeping into South and Central America,

nothing really changed, and when it hit our shores (the first recorded event took place in 1887), a referee was added to stop the carnage if it appeared death was imminent. Sometimes it worked. The cage was frequently substituted with a boxing-style ring. Beyond that, it was still a no-rules/no-holds-barred blood fest.

As it was always the enterprising country, somebody in the United States figured out there was money, good money, to be made on these debaucheries—which sparked outrage among a still fairly puritanical public. State by state, betting was made illegal, and, finally, the entire experience became illegal. Cage fighting went back underground.

Again, as always, an enterprising member of the public thought of one word to make the cloth whole again: rebrand. And thus it was. Cage fighting became Ultimate Fighting, and rebranded its way into a "sport" that enjoys more domestic and international popularity than professional boxing. Of course, there is still a huge cage, a referee, and a fighter's not allowed to choke another to death, but beyond that ... you get the picture. Even if you haven't seen it, you get the picture.

The GOP did as well. Welcome to the GOP Las Vegas debate, December

2015. While no contender on the stage was actually permitted to physically touch another candidate, the verbal punches thrown were random, venomous, and landed hard. Those verbal punches that made sense, anyway. Few did.

The debate began with an undercard, what the networks have dubbed "the kids' table" debate. These are for the candidates who are running at less than two, maybe three, points in every poll (which were being taken every day, every minute, in every neighborhood in Iowa and New Hampshire). Basically, the kids' table candidates have the full faith and support of at least one person who has a million dollars to piss away on the candidate's political-action committee and, I suppose (?), the loyalty of his or her own neighborhood. None of these candidates will win the nomination; they don't have enough money to run a nationwide campaign. Yet they persist. Let's take a look at them.

Lindsey Graham, it slowly became apparent, is running for the presidency of Iraq. Right or wrong, the topic consumes him. He can't get out of the Iraq box. Economy? Well, if we had more boots on the ground in Iraq.... Health care? Well, you have to look at Baghdad and Iraq in general.... Stub your toe? Well, that wouldn't happen in Iraq if we *blah blah blah*.

Rick Santorum did us an enormous favor by single-handedly declaring war on either ISIS, Syria, Iraq, ISIL, or the Islamic State.

Mike Huckabee, who's running for the 80th time, mentioned two things every American should know about ISIS, but they were essentially the same: Destroy ISIS.

Rick Santorum wants to see everything about every aspect of your life, from emails to Snapchat, Twitter to Facebook, every phone record and conversation, what you ate for lunch and why; he practically wants to sleep with you. Except—and this is a puzzler—he doesn't want anyone on the government's list of known or suspected terrorists to be deprived of the right to purchase any weapon that's legally sold in the United States. So if you're a terrorist, or suspected of being a terrorist, he'll read your email to Aunt Ida, which sucks, but he's happy to let you go out to your local gun show and purchase an AR-15 with multiple clips of ammo. Want the perfect birthday or holiday gift for a terrorist? How about an automatic weapon?



Let me shift back to Huckabee, only because he's so amusing. Mike Huckabee promised, if elected, to defeat ISIS in ten days. *Ten days!* It takes me ten days to reach my local cable provider. All of this, of course, got more heated and aggressive as we heard all the ways these guys would defeat ISIS, and acted as foreplay to the main event.

Given the theme of the night, national security, the prime-time main-stage debate was simply a reincarnation of the Ancient Greek ritual. Who's the toughest? The strongest? Who will inflict the most damage? Given the "no touching" rule, the debate began with heated verbal jousts and ended quite simply with that since-the-beginning-of-time, man-versus-man question: Who has the biggest dick?

Ted Cruz opened by quoting FDR's grandfather. I don't know why. The other candidates seemed to find it perplexing. Carly Fiorina jumped in with her secretary-to-CEO story (it's bullshit; do the research), and claimed that CEO experience in the tech world gave her the knowledge to use Twitter to stop a "truckload of equipment." But the audience craved more red meat, and the candidates were in no short supply.

Donald Trump and Ted Cruz are the front-runners, but who's the toughest? Who's the strongest?... Who has the biggest dick?


Dr. Ben Carson would defeat ISIS by way of an overly gruesome explanation of how he opens babies' skulls and performs surgery. Carson's answer to "How do you defeat ISIS?" was the greatest tautology I've ever heard. Basically, "How do you defeat ISIS? By defeating them. It's obvious."

Rand Paul, who was a heartbeat away from getting dumped out of the race, decided (regarding privacy and acts of war) to fall back on the Constitution. Again, noble, but on that night, he sounded like the only vegetarian at the meat shrine.

Nobody went after Donald Trump, because he'd become the Godfather in this political saga. Go after Trump, and maybe a horse's head will be in your bed when you awaken the next morning. Well, nobody save Jeb "I'm at three percent in the polls with literally nothing to fucking lose" Bush. It was a pointless exercise that Trump dismissed with an angry pout.

Taking their cue from the kids' table debate and Santorum, all of the candidates agreed that we need to either

declare war on that group they're linguistically confused about, or fight as if we were at war. But Chris Christie took it a step further, and when he did, the world became just a touch more dangerous. He explained that we already are fighting World War III. Skip the legal niceties of Congress having the only legal ability to declare war. Assuming we've all been taking a nap, Christie explained that at some ambiguous time in the recent past, we declared war, including shooting down Russian planes (dragging the whole nuclear problem into the fray). He suggests we're losing WWII because of Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton (who hasn't been in the administration for almost four years).

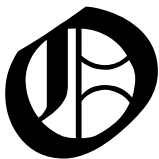
Things wrapped up with rousing cheers and applause, just like the Ancient Greek fighters used to hear from the audience, when it was all underground. I say, do away with the cages, the podiums, and the rules, and put it all back underground. Talk is cheap—and dangerous. Just ask the runner-up at a Pankration match. 



Rocking the Boat

Being present for Lemmy Kilmister's last big hurrah—co-headlining Motörhead's Motörboat heavy metal cruise—is a badge (or back patch) of honor for us as fans. Here's our moles-and-all report.

By Eddie McNamara and Meirav Devash



In December 28, 2015, we lost the last original rock star, and we're betting hell is a whole lot louder since Motörhead's Lemmy Kilmister arrived. You've got to be one badass motherfucker for your memorial to shut down the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, but that's exactly what happened on January 9. The reaction to Lemmy's death has been tributes, not mourning, and that's just how he'd want it. He made that clear when he wrote "Ace of Spades": "You know I'm born to lose, and gambling's for fools/ But that's the way I like it baby, I don't wanna live forever."

This ain't no average pleasure cruise. For four days and nights, en route from Miami to the Bahamas, the luxury ship *Norwegian Sky* was transformed into Motörhead's Motörboat, a floating heavy metal paradise. It's every rocker's dream vacation: a tropical cruise where

everything that sucks about cruises has been replaced by something totally awesome. Throwing metal horns or yelling "Slayer!" was the new handshake. We saw no linen tunics, Bermuda shorts, or formal tuxes at the captain's dinner—the dress code was strictly denim-and-leather, black concert tees, or bikini tops. There were no lame ambience-setting steel drums or jazzy piano-bar tunes to endure. Instead, thrash classics rang out through the buffet hall, in the ship's hallways, even in the glass elevator up to the pool deck. Disco dance nights and corny variety acts were swapped for face-melting sets from Motörhead, Suicidal Tendencies, and Anthrax. On this drifting Las Vegas strip, crowd-surfing conquered shuffleboard and a swimming pool became a mosh pit. The booze flowed nonstop, food was free, boobs were decorated in body paint, and metal bands and fans partied together all night long.

The Pre-Party: Blood Moon Over Miami

The debauchery unofficially started the night before, smack-dab in prime South Beach, at the Cleveland hotel and nightclub. You've been to Miami? Walking along Ocean Drive, every restaurant, bar, and club has dance music cranked to 11 in an ear-bleed battle to crown the cheesiest deejay in town. But not the Clevelander tonight. With the deafening sounds of Black Sabbath drowning out Pitbull's calls of "culo," metalheads were free to pound beers; rocker girls in denim short-shorts hit peak levels of alcohol consumption and turned tequila-sexual. When the deejay rested his needle on Def Leppard's "Pour Some Sugar on Me," the song was drowned out with boos. This was a real metal crowd, serious about music. The fans here traveled from New Zealand, Japan, Brazil, and Uruguay. (The Viking contingent from Denmark, Norway, Finland, and Sweden were so well-represented, we worried they were planning a raid of Nassau.)



Beach Wars

Around the bar, we toasted the guy rumored to have preemptively paid the hotel's \$250 fine for smoking in a nonsmoking room because he was going to "smoke that room the fuck out." It was like realizing a childhood dream we didn't know we had: If the 11-year-old dirtbag version of yourself knew that being an adult meant enjoying beachy cocktails under a super blood moon turned total lunar eclipse with Slayer blasting out of the PA system, wouldn't you have been way more excited about it?

Day One

Once all the passengers were aboard, the first order of business was conducting a mandatory safety drill—before everyone got too sloshed to understand how life vests work. Imagine a substitute teacher with limited English skills trying to teach every bad kid from junior high at once. No one paid the instructor any mind, so we desperately scanned our group for people who looked like ex-military, police, or EMTs. No luck. We were the responsible ones at the *Sons of Anarchy* clubhouse.

We didn't waste time lamenting our future death at sea—after an epic group photo, Exodus brought down the deck with the thrashiest set ever thrashed as we sailed away from Miami. Steve "Zetro" Souza's enthusiasm was infectious, setting

the tone for the next few days. This undulating ocean of metalheads was here to party, and party hard. As the crowd raised their fists, we saw two guys in blue face paint clink their beers together while Exodus belted out "The Toxic Waltz." This cruise had already exceeded our expectations.

Brian Posehn and Big Jay Oakerson got the passengers laughing with a killer comedy set, then we raced to the Stardust Theater to see Slayer—a band that rocks so hard that every other band on the bill instantly transformed into fanboys (what must have been half the ship's kitchen staff showed up, too, still wearing chef's whites). The boat lurched as fans hung off the balcony, headbanging and swinging their hair in circles. "You motherfuckers have no fear, do you?" asked Tom Araya, who looked like he could use a Dramamine. "Out here in the middle of the ocean with a tropical storm on the way." Cue "Raining Blood." After the set, the crowd dispersed, hanging out at room parties, taking selfies with Lemmy near the casino's slot machines, or drinking on the pool deck, where Huntress—and their busty, blonde, opera-trained singer Jill Janus—brought some sizzle to the scene. ("As a pagan, I am not afraid to use sex to draw you into the fire," she once told Examiner.com.)



Exodus

Day Two

The next morning, hungover rockers washed up on a pristine private island called Great Stirrup Cay. Pasty-skinned headbangers frolicked on white-sand beaches and swam in the clear waters of the Caribbean, aqua blue and as warm as bathtub water. There were band-led beach wars (including heavy metal tug-of-war), cool beers, blistering sunburns, and a group of bangers who fashioned a pentagram and the word "Slayer" out of seaweed. In the distance, heavy riffs were calling. We made our way toward the island stage to see a group of sexy young women with brightly colored hair and black Xs drawn over their eyes. A young band from Nashville, they're called the Dead Deads; they're fresh off a tour with Halestorm. They played their punky single, "Lemonade," and there was a rush of new fans to the front of the stage.

The evening began with a Motörhead meet-and-greet. To be honest, in the group photos, Lemmy looked downright knackered. In the weeks before the cruise, he had experienced some health issues—altitude sickness in Denver and a respiratory infection in Austin that prevented him from playing. Next to him sat a glass of vodka and orange juice; gone was the bottle of Jack Daniel's of years past. Could the



power of citrus hold the cure? Would he be able to perform? On this ship, nervous rumors were beginning to spread.

"I heard he completely lost his voice and is resting in his room."

"He has liver failure."

"You know, he's retiring after this cruise."

Behind the scenes, we watched a journalist get reprimanded by Lemmy's agent: "You're the one who wrote the article on how Lemmy should retire? He won't talk to you." The journalist looked sheepish. "I wrote it as a fan," she said. "We're just worried about his health." The glare she got in response was clear: Don't.

That night, Suicidal Tendencies ripped through their classics with more power and energy than we've seen in years. Between songs, Mike Muir gave his special brand of motivation speech; he's like a street-smart version of Tony Robbins, and his message is in believing in yourself. "Being suicidal isn't negative," he said. "It's living every day like it's your last. Without fear."

Then, a scheduling conflict: Slayer and Crobot were playing at the same time on different parts of the ship. We decided to check out the heroes of the stoner-metal scene; every female on the ship had the same idea. Crobot owned the room with their Southern-fried Sabbath sound and Brandon



Yeagley's undeniable swagger. (The ratio of women to men was nearly 60/40—practically unheard of in metal.) Later, fans moved to the Karaoke-O-King karaoke party that Slayer guitarist Kerry King must have been contractually obligated to attend—he seemed about as happy to be there as he would be at a prostate exam.

Day Three

Welcome to Nassau Harbor in the Bahamas. As soon as passengers disembarked, a throng of hawkers circled us with offers. "Dolphin tour? Braid your hair? Party favors?" Unless you wanted to check out the Atlantis resort or score drugs, there was really no good reason to get off the boat. Weed dealers must have done particularly well that afternoon, because everyone on the boat came back with a new vaporizer. We're not saying that Slayer couldn't catch their sea legs, but when we docked in Nassau, the band peaced-out in a golf cart and didn't return to the cruise.

When the full moon is obscured by angry clouds, the energy of 2,000 metalheads on a cruise ship becomes palpable—even if it's from just the ones sober enough to care that a category-four storm called Joaquin is heading directly for their flotilla of rock. With Joaquin literally raining on our parade, Hatebreed's outdoor set was pushed back a few hours. The

boat rocked—not in a good way. We took shelter in the Stardust Theater—if it was our time to die, we wanted to go out with Lemmy.

But first, Anthrax hit the stage. "Who the fuck goes on a boat ever?" asked singer Joey Belladonna into the microphone. "But we've got a lot of friends and family here, and it's so cool." The criminally underrated thrashers did their thing, seamlessly combining hardcore, punk, and hip-hop into something innately East Coast. Members of Suicidal Tendencies moshed with the crowd. "I don't know if they told you guys about this, but all the bands are getting airlifted off the boat," said guitarist Scott Ian. "You all are headed toward a hurricane, so good luck. After Motörhead, run for the hills." (He was kidding, though we weren't sure of that at the time.)

The sirens sounded, the lights flashed, and it was time for Motörhead. Was Lemmy ready? Fuck yeah, he was. The healing power of rock 'n' roll took effect as the frontman fed off the crowd's energy like a heavy metal vampire. They may have been the oldest band there, but as usual, they were the loudest. They rocked as hard as they did on Ozzy Osbourne's "No More Tours" 23 years prior, as hard as 12 years ago opening for Dio and Iron Maiden at Madison Square Garden. Rumors of Lemmy's decline



had been greatly exaggerated, we decided. Lemmy Kilmister is eternal.

Day Four

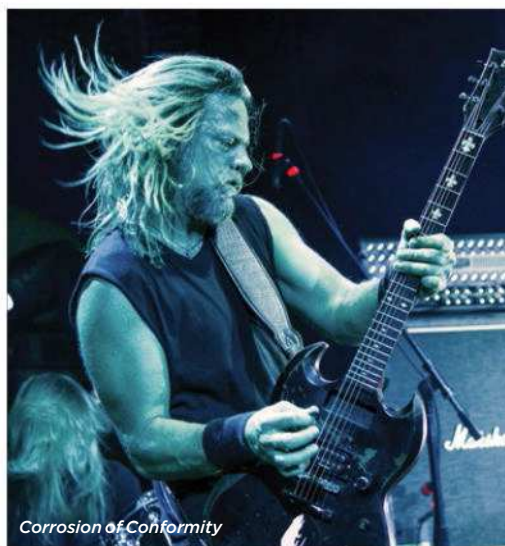
Our final day at sea began at 9 A.M. with sun salutations on the pool deck. Two dozen people showed up for Heavy Metal Yoga, set by instructor Mary Veal to Pantera's "Vulgar Display of Power." "When we practice to *our* music, we catch things in the songs that we never did before," she said as she stretched and pretzeled us into better karma. The Bahamian sun brought temperatures higher than a Bikram class, and a fellow Motörboater brought us glasses of ice water. He said, "If we don't take care of each other, who will?" That's when we realized something about the past few days: All these people are incredibly nice. Even if we started as strangers, we were treated like lifelong friends on the boat.

We had breakfast with the water-bearer and his girlfriend, a thirties-ish couple from Austin. We laughed and chatted, just as we did with the couple from Vegas we sat next to during Anthrax and Motörhead, and the 21-year-old punk girls from Oakland with matching denim vests we hung out with at the beach, and the New York City scenesters we've seen at shows for years and finally got to know at sea. That unique camaraderie was unexpected and really gratifying.

Finally, it was time for boobs. We'd gone four days without seeing even a nipple. With Jill Janus onstage

hosting the official Motörboating Contest, that was about to change. This was exactly what it sounded like: Couples competed for the loudest, sloppiest, most innovative boob-*brrr*-ing. At first, participants seemed shy ... until Janus offered to motorboat any ladies who were there without a partner. Offer accepted by an Estonian redhead in a black triangle bikini! There were several worthy competitors—a busty contestant named Amy, wearing a leather harness with strategic cutouts, proved that everything's bigger in Texas, and Janus even managed an onstage threesome boob-smother with an Australian dude. The winners were Aussie Patrick, and a brunette in a bright-red bikini top who had left her husband at home. (Sorry, hubs.)

Other highlights included an intense game of MotörBingo, where the prize was a guitar signed by all the bands on the bill; Santa Cruz, a Finnish glam band that look like baby Duff McKagans; Kyng and Fireball Ministry gigs; a drunk spelling bee; beer pong; and a splashy belly-flop competition judged by members of Anthrax and Butcher Babies. After final shows from Anthrax, Suicidal Tendencies, and Motörhead, the massive crowd gathered for a send-off: a 40th anniversary tribute to Motörhead from the Shrine and Motor Sister, a riotous Brian Posehn roast of the bands, and ... *cake with Lemmy!* The expression "we're all in the same boat" had never expressed something that felt so awesome. 



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When Susan and Isabelle put down the books in favor of getting hands-on experience with each other from head to toe, they turn us on as much as they arouse themselves—and they turn us all into winners.

Photographs by Davide Esposito

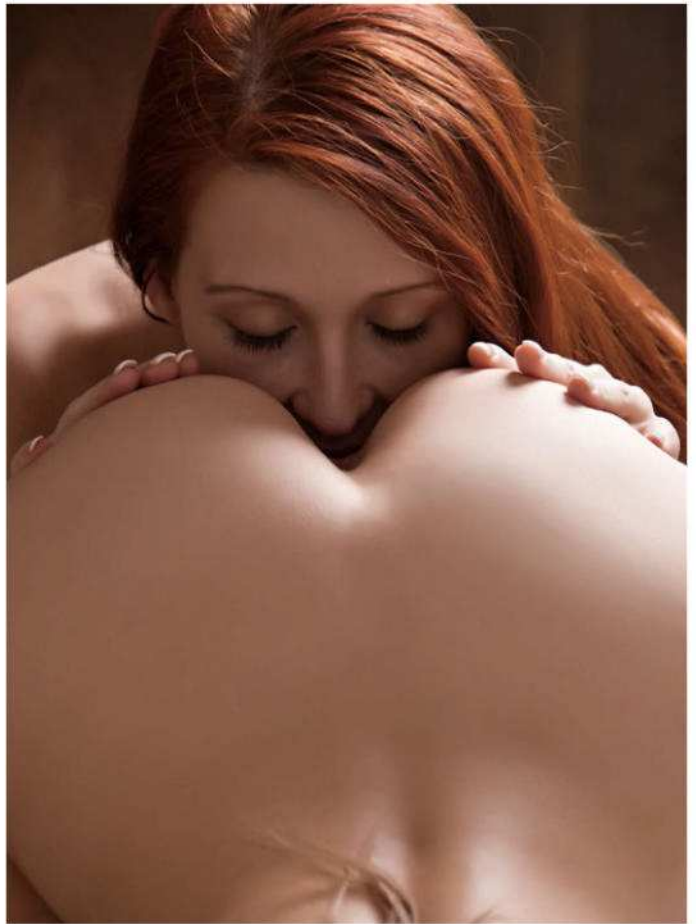




















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Brett Rossi

24 Random Facts That Few People Know



For more than a year, I've had the pleasure of showcasing my fellow Penthouse Pets with sexy candid photos of a day in their lives. The center-folds also provide a list of facts known only to their close friends and relatives. Welcome to the family.

By Sam Phillips

February 2012 Pet of the Month Brett Rossi reminds me of myself back when I became a Pet; at half my age, she's like my mini-me little sister, only way hotter. She's passionate about the causes that are dear to her, including animal rescue and adoption, and is an environmentally conscious advocate of recycling, which makes her the perfect Pet to profile in our Green Issue.

Now she's coming off a much-publicized engagement to Charlie Sheen and a nearly three-year professional hiatus, happily living the single life and back in the filmmaking saddle. In fact, Brett revealed she was returning to the adult-entertainment industry while cohosting my *Single Life* Vivid Radio SiriusXM 791 show in December. Since then, she signed a deal to shoot exclusive content for TrenchcoatX, Penthouse Pet Kayden Kross's company. Brett is known for her gorgeous solo glamour shoots and sexy girl-girl performances, garnering several AVN and XBIZ nominations during her career, and she promises bigger, better, and wetter surprises are in store.

This year Brett is feature dancing her way across the country. Follow her at [Twitter.com/ImBrettRossi](https://twitter.com/ImBrettRossi) and [Instagram.com/ImBrettRossi](https://www.instagram.com/ImBrettRossi), and check out her official website, BrettRossi.com, for exclusive, high-definition erotic content.

1. I love spending hours riding my horse, Virgil. He's a six-year-old Frisian draft that I rescued.

2. If my skin breaks out, I do homemade masks and treat my face with tea-tree oil.

3. I cannot function on fewer than eight hours of sleep a night. I love to go to bed early and wake up early.

4. Growing up, I wanted to be a cardiologist.

5. As all my friends know, I'm extremely OCD.

6. My first job was working at Baskin-Robbins, and I sold mattresses before I got into the adult industry.

7. I was elected class president in the sixth grade.

8. My favorite flowers are sunflowers and lilies.

9. I danced ballet for 13 years, and I was the goalie on the varsity water-polo team throughout high school.

10. I'm a coffee addict.

11. *The Great Gatsby* is my all-time favorite book.

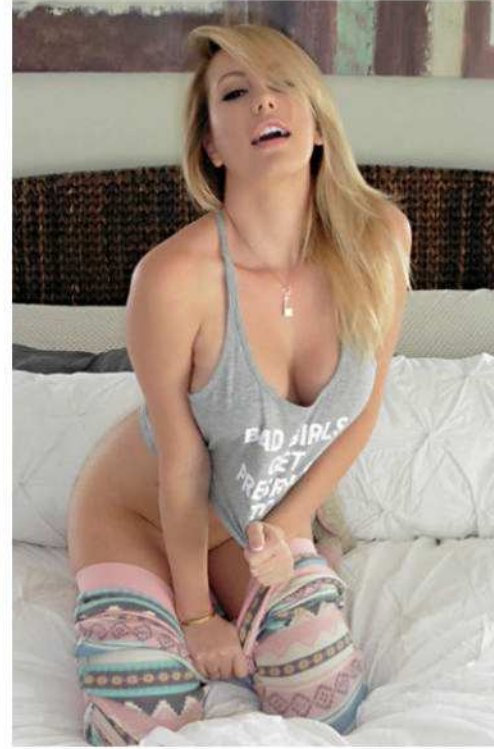
12. My favorite TV show is *Criminal Minds*.

13. Penthouse Pet Kayden Kross is my mentor, and Pets Dani Daniels and Samantha Saint have been my best friends for six years.

14. Home is my favorite place to hang out, but I love going to a museum or zoo.

15. I'm one of those people who hates Las Vegas.

16. My favorite country to travel to is Iceland.





17. My favorite saying is, "Forgiveness is the scent of a rose still clinging to the heel that crushed it."

18. Seaweed is my go-to comfort food.

19. I'm allergic to milk, lobster, and hay—which really sucks when you own a horse. If I don't cover my hands and arms, or if I touch my face after I touch hay, I get huge red welts.

20. I'm involved with and support the World Wildlife Fund.

21. I love the smell of pink jasmine.

22. I cannot stand bad breath.

23. Growing up I had a cat, two ducks, multiple ferrets, and a pig. Currently I have three dogs (two are rescues): a Chow/American Eskimo named Charles, a Lab mix named Sam, and—the newest addition to the family—a mini Pomeranian named Dior.

24. I pride myself on my decorating skills. The holidays are my favorite time of the year because I can deck my halls. ☺



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Fair-Trade Minded

It's easy to go green with your choices in dish soap, but what if you want to make socially responsible choices with your porn?

By Violet Blue



As we all know from headlines about pornography's flagging sales in light of tube sites and rampant pirating, consumption habits have shifted dramatically since the pre-internet days. Now, however, in a true sign of the times, many people want to know that their porn is as ethical as their coffee, and adult entertainment that's marketed with the selling point of ethical production is meeting the growing demand while attracting attention in headlines.

Is this merely an industry struggling to re-market itself after decades of damaging PR in a time when porn (1) isn't being paid for by anyone with an internet connection, and (2) the bar to entry for performers is merely possessing adequate bandwidth? Perhaps. On the more positive end of the public-perception spectrum, the producers of mainstream porn are historically regarded as putting more value on making money than on performers and their working conditions—which is combined with a sense that the selling of sexual content is about exploiting consumers'

shame. In the worst perceptions, it's a business model based on actively harming vulnerable populations. Either way, it's a bad rap.

The Fair-Trade Market

The new wave of fair-trade porn, however, isn't coming from the mainstream industry. The collection of popular porn studios from around the world that are shaping—and profiting from—the fair-trade-porn space are mostly run by women, have a strong indie ethos, and are comprised of a combination of adult-industry veterans and a diverse range of amateur newcomers (or artists). What's more, the people paying for that porn are viewers shaped by cultural shifts brought on by the internet, viewers who increasingly demand choice and ethical products. The final key ingredient in the rise of ethical porn is that—again, thanks to the internet—performers find themselves on equal footing with the old boys' networks of porn empires.

Unlike the adult-entertainment stars of, say, 2006, today's porn star needs to possess just as much business and marketing savvy as studio bosses do. They're not only performers; they're directors, scriptwriters, sex educators, and lecturers, and they wield more power on social media than porn businesses and mainstream actors alike. Porn stars communicate directly with fans 24/7, and producers should beware if stars feel they're being treated unethically.

The fair-trade-porn movement features some famous performers: Stoya, Jessica Drake, Michelle Aston, Madison Young, Mickey Mod, Nina Hartley, Skin Diamond, Adrianna Nicole, Jada Fire, Mark Davis, Bobbi



Starr, and many more. In the internet's forced-evolution of porn's business model, these stars oversee their own empires and license their own names to companies in return for a portion of the sales of their branded sex toys.

Like with coffee, a key component of porn that has a "fair trade" or "ethically produced" guarantee is its focus on working conditions—which, as one might imagine, is more than just making sure there's enough lube for the anal scene. Take Tristan Taormino, for instance, the director of *House of Ass*, *Rough Sex*, and Vivid's *Expert Guide* sex-education series, among many others. She calls her adult videos "ethical, organic, fair-trade porn." Like others in this emergent genre, Taormino believes it's a movement where both consumers and creators can take a page from traditional fair-trade practices. "We have to make connections between fair labor practices even when the labor being performed is sex," she says. "If you care about the conditions under which your food was made and the conditions under which your jeans were made, then you should care about the conditions under which your pornography is made."

With Taormino's videos for Vivid, that means performers choose with whom they perform. For Spain's Erika Lust, it means there's a strict rule against working with people who are doing desperate things for money. For Australian company Bright Desire, it's a clear statement about responsible payment practices and performers having final say over the way they look and appear in films.

Most fair-trade-porn studios have a performer "bill of rights"; as an example, let's look at Sssh and

Wasteland, two sites that belong to industry veterans. Their “On-set Policies and Best Practices” includes 14 performer pledges, ranging from guaranteed scene negotiation and meals to formally agreeing to stop a scene if and when a performer says so. The policy reads, “It might be ‘our shoot,’ but it’s your body and your mind; performer consent and enjoyment are paramount for both Sssh and Wasteland, so your choices and limits will always be respected and honored without question.”

Pink and White Productions typifies the fair-trade standards, notably with its transparency regarding payment rates, which are listed on their online performer application. It also states, “As a company, our standards while on-set include respectful conduct, sobriety (performers are not permitted to shoot if intoxicated), and the understanding that emotional and physical boundaries—including safer-sex arrangements—are communicated and respected by all participants. Any sexual activity can put a performer at risk for sexually transmitted illnesses, so we encourage participants to

have a clear industry-standard STI test within 14 days of the shoot date. Additionally, we recommend the use of safer-sex barriers such as condoms, dental dams, and gloves, which we provide.”

Pay for Your Porn

Ethical porn isn’t just a rallying cry for directors and performers who want to do things differently. It’s turning out to be a very popular selling point for consumers. Pink and White’s Jiz Lee finds that the most common fan question the company gets is, “How can I be sure what I’m watching was ethically produced?” Lee’s response neatly identifies why fair-trade porn circles into getting viewers to pay for their adult entertainment—possibly the single biggest challenge currently facing the industry. “The simplest answer,” Lee explains, “is that paying for porn is the most direct way to ensure key ethical production values.”

Avoiding pirated porn also demystifies details about the production process, to the chagrin of anti-porn pundits whose attacks rely on accusations of underage performers, the spreading of disease, or nonconsent of activities. “Without a credit-card processor overlooking distribution,” Lee says, “there’s no way to know for sure if basic labor rights took place. There is no 2257 Affidavit to prove performers were of legal age, no STI test results ... and there’s certainly no model-release form to ensure the people on film consented to have their image shared online.

“Unless it features a major star,” Lee adds, “most pirated content doesn’t even include performers’ names, let alone Custodian of Records addresses [to prove there’s paperwork that verifies performers are legally of age]. There’s a mountain of paperwork missing. Paperwork that, for better or worse, is designed to protect performers’ rights and safety.”

What’s more, Lee contends, cultivating a taste for fair-trade porn among consumers builds sustainability—music to the ears of anyone trying to make it in the business. “Ethical viewers have incredible potential to shape the industry by ‘voting with their wallets’ and encouraging producers’ interests in everything from distribution methods to casting decisions,” she says. “That would increase production quality, broaden diversity, and build sustainable businesses.”




Jada Fire

This Is Not “Porn for Women”

After reading that fair-trade porn is a majority-female business (at least for now), you might think that the final product is going to be “porn for women”—typically regarded as soft, romantic scenes that are lacking in facials, hot babes, and rough stuff. You’d be right to think so—but also wrong. Many aspects of this genre are notably different than what we’re used to, but perhaps the most immediate one is the way it looks (and what it depicts). Casting choices mix traditional porn stars with attractive amateurs, with an overall impetus to mix bodies of different sizes, shapes, body art, and colors. You’ll see more black performers and less evidence of plastic surgery. Because it’s shot without the industry’s standard sets and lighting, this porn looks more real, sometimes prettier or grittier, and occasionally like a feature film.

These pornographers also require couples and performers to harbor a genuine desire to do the dirty with one another. There’s no chance of coming across a clip with two people who look like they can’t stand each other, unless that’s what makes them hot—which brings us to the mind-boggling range of fair-trade porn that tends to depict touchy-feely romance just as equally as it delivers acts we don’t see in typical porn videos. The genre doesn’t shy away from things the industry is nervous about showing as a good time, including kinks, gender-bending lesbian BDSM, transgender sex adventures, and couples who get off on sophisticated games of fantasy and consent.

Whatever the fair-trade-porn formula for success is, it’s working. Maybe an informed consumer, an empowered porn performer, and a happy perv with disposable income are the perfect combination to fill a market need whose time has come ... pun completely intended. 



Stoya

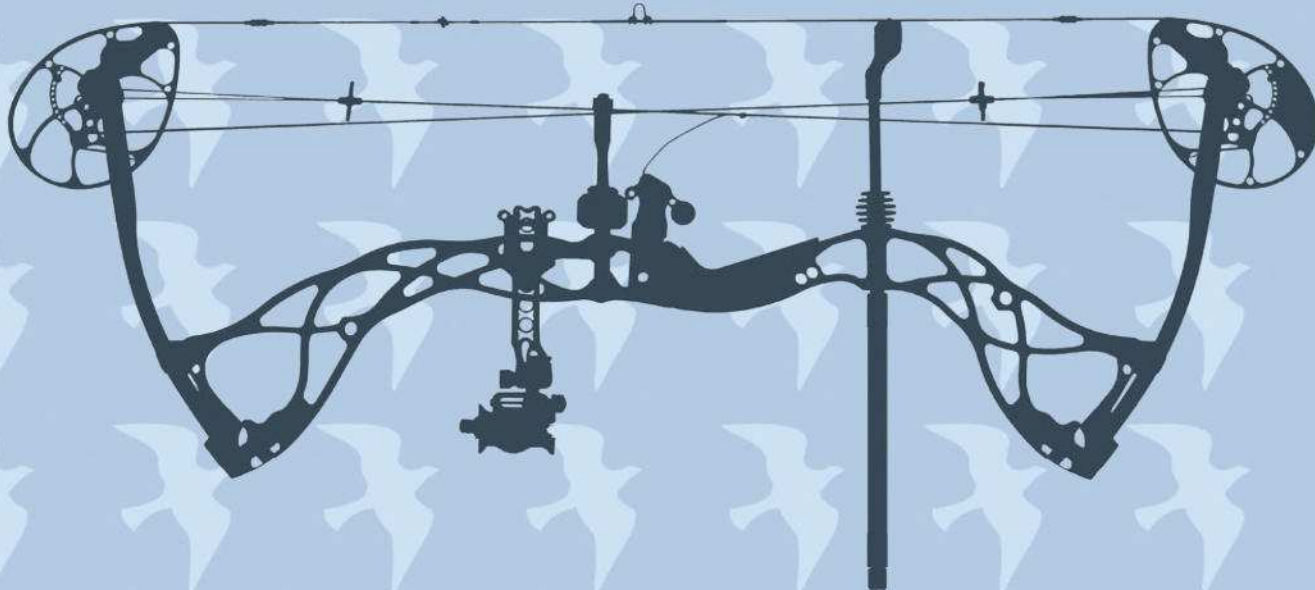
INTO THE WILD



FLU-FLU FLETCHING

Bow-hunting is an environmentally friendly means to fresh game, but when it comes to birds, it requires practice, patience, and sometimes a whole lot of luck.

By Scott McMorro



Dangerous Dave loves coming up with creative ways to put meat in the freezer. We've stalked wild pigs in Texas, chased after elk while snow camping in Colorado, and hit the limit on geese in the Prairie Pothole region of the Northern Great Plains. But the way we hunt is just as important as what we hunt. We like to earn our game by working hard. His latest idea had sounded pretty far out there, though, even to me. Dave wanted to go bow-hunting for pheasant.

I've killed deer with my bow, and a few pigs. Yet my skill set with stick and string had been limited to land-based animals. With a bow, you have

falls left telltale prints in the morning dew. Mid-October can be warm in California, but this opening day of the season was unseasonably cold. Dave's black Lab, Grey Lodge, knew the game was on. Grey was a duck dog by nature, though Dave had trained him to work upland game birds as well. His excitement was catching, and we had to make a conscious effort to work the field slowly, not rush it.

Grey locked up a quarter of the way into the field. He was on a bird, frozen in position, tail extended and stiff in the shin-high grass. Dave and I had been careful to stay abreast of each other for safety, keeping each other in sight. The dog was closest to me, about 30 feet to my left. I drew my bow and slowly tried to close the gap between me and the dog before the bird flushed.

I shoot with a PSE compound bow set at a 65-pound pull. Pull weight is basically the amount of strength it takes to fully draw back the string.



My skill set with stick and string had been limited to land-based animals. I couldn't imagine tagging a ring-neck on the fly.

to stealth your way in close to take the shot. And let me tell you, hitting an ungulate on the run with an arrow can be tough. I've missed way more times than I've hit. I couldn't imagine tagging a ring-neck on the fly.

Dave was selling the idea hard, though. He reminded me that we'd get first crack at the birds, and this was true. California's archery opener for pheasant is a good month earlier than the gun opener. I was still skeptical, but Dave kept pressing until I said yes. Sometimes "crazy" doesn't sound so bad once you've said it out loud a few times.

Ring-necked pheasant were originally found only in China and East Asia. These winged land fowl are about the size of a large chicken, and were successfully introduced in North America in the 1800s. With their luminously colored blue-green head, red eye patch, and unmistakable crisp white necklace, cock pheasant are a prized game bird for upland hunters.

The sun had yet to hit the field where we were hunting, and our foot-


Archers using a traditional bow must pull and hold the full pull weight, and using that much strength to hold and aim can be tough, not to mention shaky. With the cam-and-pulley system of a compound bow, you draw to the peak weight, and the strength needed to hold and aim lets up. This reduced holding weight allows a hunter to stay on-target longer, usually resulting in more accurate shots.

A week before the bow opener, Dave and I had each grabbed a handful of flu-flu arrows and some plastic gallon milk jugs half-filled with water, and headed out to practice. Normal fletching, or feathers, usually consists of three feathers attached to the arrow. This helps stabilize the shaft in flight. When hunting pheasant with arrows, California law requires that hunters use oversize feathers called flu-flu fletching. The larger feathers keep the arrow from zinging skyward a long distance, which makes sense when shooting at birds. If you miss with normal fletching, your arrow will fly 130 yards. With flu-flu, the increased feather size creates drag on

the arrow in flight. The arrow will fly about 20 yards at full force, then drop from the sky.

It took most of a day to start hitting the milk jugs. I went first, with Dave tossing the half-filled containers up in the air. My first shot was a swing and a miss. So was my tenth, and everything in between. After a while, I figured it out. The trick is to aim and shoot at the target while it's rising. Once I got into the groove, I was smacking those jugs regularly. Dave used what I learned when it was his turn, and by the end of the day we were both killing us some plastic.

Images of those milk jugs skirted through my mind as I closed in on Grey. Those containers hadn't been easy to hit. I was just about next to the Lab when an explosion of feathers burst skyward ahead of the dog. A rooster quickly rose up and away as I swung my bow to match its flight path. Pheasant tend to jump up to a peak height of about 15 feet and fly off in a descending trajectory. I loosed the arrow as the bird was rising. My bright-pink flu-flu fletching looked like an incandescent blur slicing through the air.

"Holy shit, you hit it!" Dave shouted as the dog sprinted off toward the fallen bird. I was as surprised as Dave that the rooster went down. Talk about beginner's luck. As Grey came bounding back to us with a nice cock pheasant in his mouth, I could have sworn even the dog was grinning. 

ANGELA

BODY OF WORK

Normally, we can think of a million better ways to spend an evening than standing around a stuffy art gallery with a bunch of wannabe critics. But as soon as we laid eyes on sexy Angela—and her raw, messy approach to creating a masterpiece—our interest in artistic endeavors was aroused in a big way. We may not be art snobs, but we could analyze her brushstrokes all day.

Photographs by Miron Chomacki





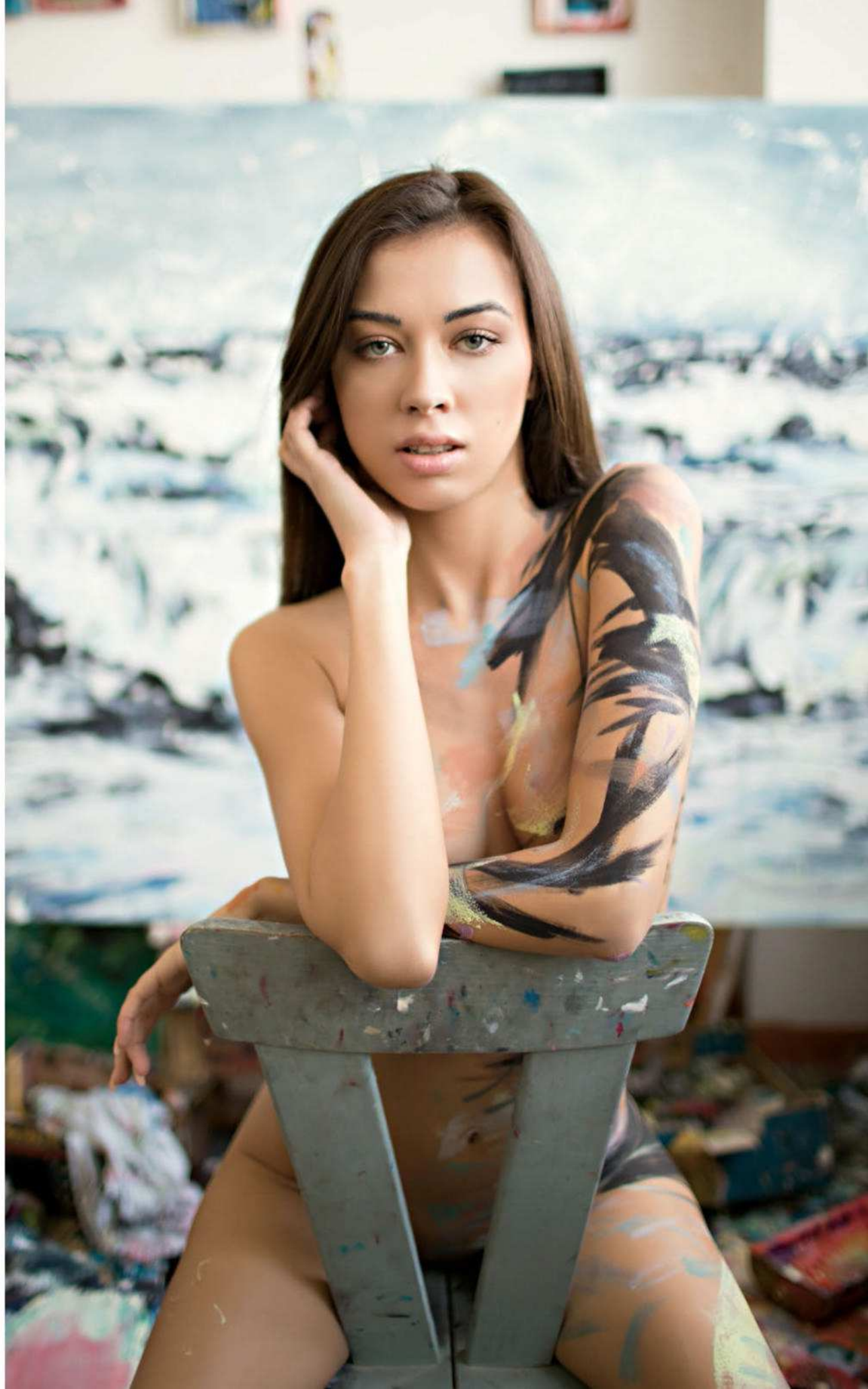


Angela loves to let her imagination run wild, so it's no surprise she quickly abandoned her work in favor of a spontaneous body-painting session.





Is a bare
canvas the
sign of a
creative block?
Not when the
unpainted
spaces are this
eye-catching.





Andy Warhol once said, "Art is anything you can get away with." We love a girl who's not afraid to take creative risks.





SEE MORE OF ANGELA
AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

We'd love
to wax
intellectual
about the
bold lines
of Angela's
artwork, but
frankly, we're
too busy
staring at
her stunning
curves.



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

FOR REAL

Virtual-reality porn is here. And it's about fucking time.



Virtual reality is one of those things we were promised we'd have in the future—i.e., now. My expectations for VR were set by what I read in the magazine *Mondo 2000*, in the early 1990s. Within two decades, *Mondo 2000* predicted, it would be commonplace to have a VR set that would jack you into “cyberspace.” Cyberspace was envisioned as a three-dimensional simulated world. You'd be totally immersed in it, and you'd be able to interact with things and people. And, of course, it would be possible to have virtual sex. A *Mondo 2000* book imagined it like this: “You see a lifelike but totally artificial visual representation of your own body and your partner's. Depending on where you go and where you are allowed and what you are willing to pay (or trade to do), you can find one partner, a dozen, or even a thousand, in various cyberspaces that are no further away than a telephone number.”

That's what really grabbed me—the prospect of endlessly novel and varied sexual experiences with no risk. It was the height of the AIDS crisis, and promiscuity seemed scary, if not suicidal. In the future, it would be safe to have risk-free sexual adventures in the virtual world.

The technology to make this happen wasn't quite ready then, but it was just over the horizon. I resolved that I would be an early adopter when it arrived.

Twenty years later, VR still hadn't arrived, or at least it wasn't commonplace. Cyberspace existed, surely, in high-definition and millions of colors, everywhere. But it was flat. Everyone seemed happy with that. People would roll their eyes at the mention



A VR film released by the porn studio [Naughty America.com](http://NaughtyAmerica.com)

of VR. The idea seemed hokey and dated, like jet packs and flying cars. VR did in fact exist, but as a tool with specialized applications, mainly in the military and medicine. Common wisdom held that it would never go mainstream.

Just when I had resigned myself to a flat-screen future, VR arrived.

In March of 2015, I first heard about the Oculus Rift—a VR headset that delivers true, immersive virtual reality. Not a concept still in the development stage—an actual product, with a price tag of about \$350, to be released in early 2016 ...

Or never, I thought. To a jaded nineties' guy, it sounded like the same old story. It's just around the corner; people who have tried it say it's amazing; but I couldn't have it yet. I'd wanted to experience virtual reality for more

before Thanksgiving, and I experienced porn in virtual reality.

How is it? It's bonkers. I can't think of a better way to put it. It's just bonkers.

I think it's misleading to call it "VR porn," though. It would be more accurate to call it "virtual sex." It's more like having sex than watching a video. I find that I want to use different verbs when recalling the experience. It doesn't seem like something I "watched." Instead, I think of it as something that happened to me or something that I did.

In virtual reality, you have a body. You're in the scene. There's a gorgeous redhead right there, on your lap, riding your dick. You can tell it's artificial, but it feels almost real. The odd thing is that when you exit virtual reality, your memory doesn't seem to

phone. I tried watching a few BaDoink VR videos using my iPhone with the Cardboard viewer. I wouldn't call it virtual reality. If I hadn't known what it was supposed to be, I would have guessed it was a 3-D peep show inside a Trick-or-Treat for UNICEF box.

VR headset hardware clearly matters. But it's so new, it's hard to predict what people will want to do with it. There's no doubt that some people want to use VR to have virtual sex. They will use the VR headset with sex toys that enhance the experience. VirtualRealPorn.com already offers videos that sync with masturbation devices, so you can feel what you're seeing. But I'm not sure if everyone will want virtual sex. It may be too real for most people. Honestly, it was maybe a little too real even for me. Watching porn is like drinking coffee

Porn is like coffee. I'll have it any day, every day. Watching VR was like dropping acid—not an everyday kind of thing.

than 20 years, and the fact was I still hadn't. So I would not believe it until I'd seen it.

Then on November 10, Samsung began taking pre-orders for its Gear VR headset, which it had partnered with Oculus VR to make. The \$99.99 Gear VR has optics, head-tracking sensors, and touch controls built into the headset, but no processor or display. Everything runs on a Samsung Galaxy smartphone, which snaps into the front of the unit. I didn't have a Samsung phone, so I bought one right after placing my pre-order.

While waiting for my Gear VR to arrive, I went looking for VR porn. Three porn studios—BaDoink.com, NaughtyAmerica.com, and VirtualRealPorn.com—had already released numerous movies that could be downloaded and viewed with a VR headset.

I received my Gear VR the day

distinguish virtual from actual. Your brain says, *Hey, remember fucking that redhead?* And you have to say to yourself, *No, that didn't actually happen.* Bonkers.

There are a few things that you can't do in virtual reality with Gear VR. You can't move your virtual limbs or get up and walk around. The Gear VR seamlessly tracks where you're looking when you move your head, but it doesn't have positional tracking, so you can't lean in to get a closer look at something.

I wondered how much of the VR experience was due to the headset technology versus the video itself. I couldn't compare the Gear VR with the Oculus Rift, but I did try viewing the same videos with a Google Cardboard VR viewer, which was a freebie BaDoink offered new subscribers when I signed up. Cardboard VR viewers work with any smart-

to me. I'll have it any time of day, every day, anywhere. It's fine. My VR experience was like dropping acid—not an everyday kind of thing.

All sexually explicit VR content is called "VR porn," but I think that's because "porn" is the only word we know. Porn is porn in 2-D. A first-person POV video is not so different from a video shot from other camera angles. But in VR, there is a big difference. You're in there, embodied, not watching from outside the screen. There will have to be a distinction between VR porn and virtual sex. VR porn would refer to something like watching a virtual live sex show.

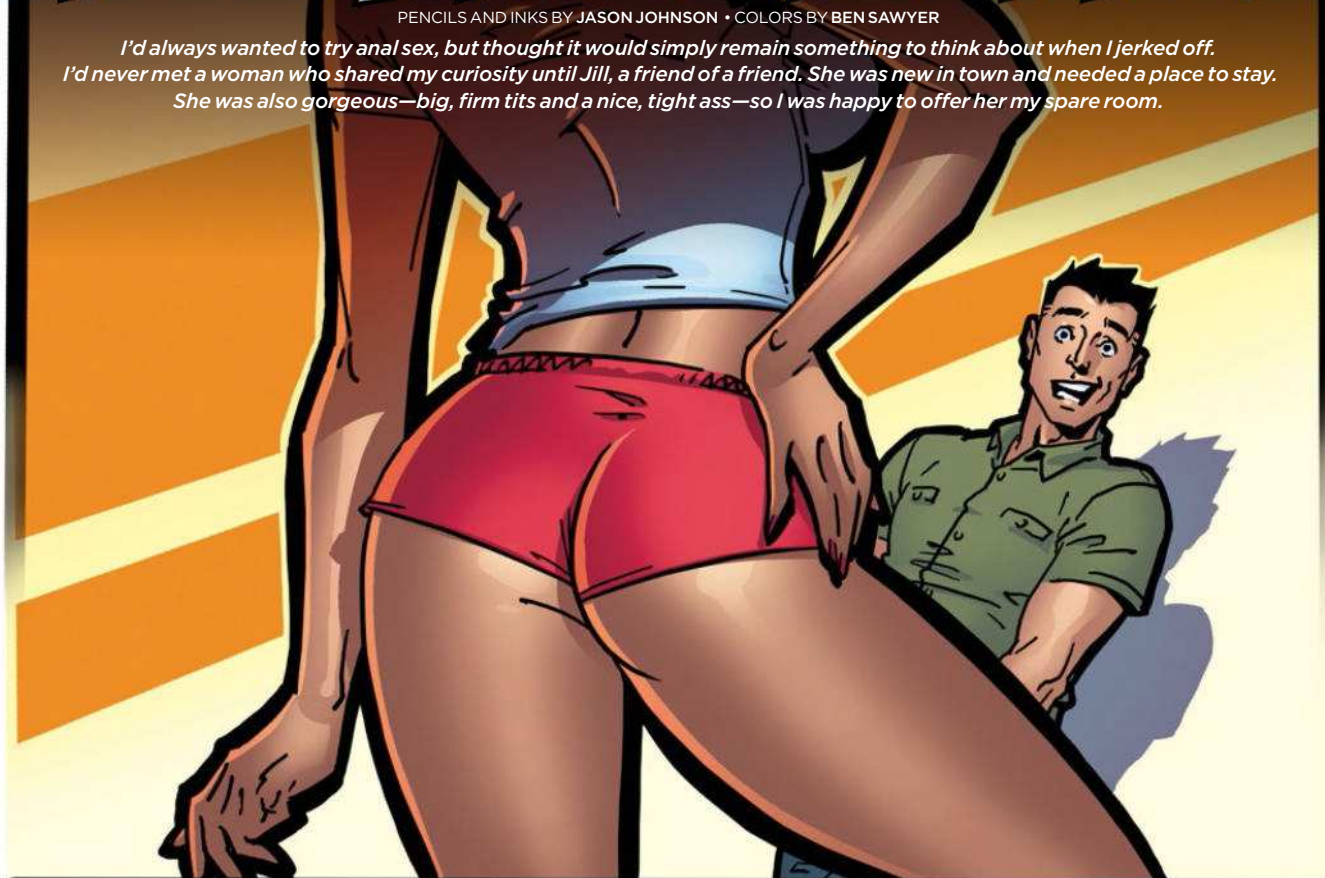
It will be fun to see where it goes. Everyone in porn is getting into VR. While I was writing this, Kink.com launched a free VR video site, KinkVR.com. By the time this appears in print, there will no doubt be many more.

Welcome to the future. 아~

HER ASS IS HIS

PENCILS AND INKS BY JASON JOHNSON • COLORS BY BEN SAWYER

I'd always wanted to try anal sex, but thought it would simply remain something to think about when I jerked off. I'd never met a woman who shared my curiosity until Jill, a friend of a friend. She was new in town and needed a place to stay. She was also gorgeous—big, firm tits and a nice, tight ass—so I was happy to offer her my spare room.



One Sunday, I was watching television when I heard loud moans coming from Jill's bedroom. Worried she might be sick, I went to check on her.



Her door was slightly ajar, so I peeked in.

She had two fingers deep in her pussy, while her other hand pushed a cock-shaped vibrator in and out of her tiny asshole.



Why don't you give me a hand?



I like having an audience.



I gave her a hand.



GOD, YES!
GIVE ME MORE!



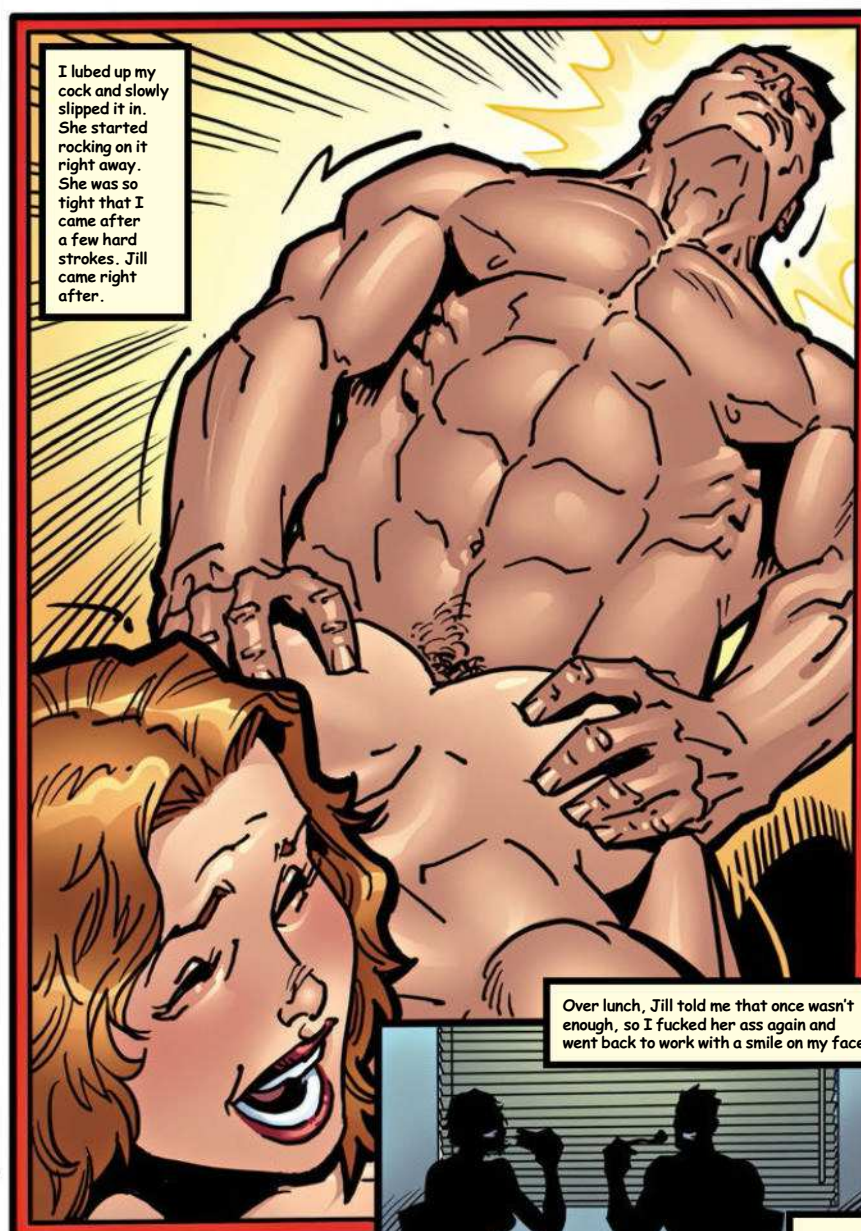
I pulled the vibrator out of her ass. While she finger-fucked her pussy, I rimmed her quivering asshole till she came. I was all set to shove my dick into her backdoor, but ...

FUCK!
I have to go!



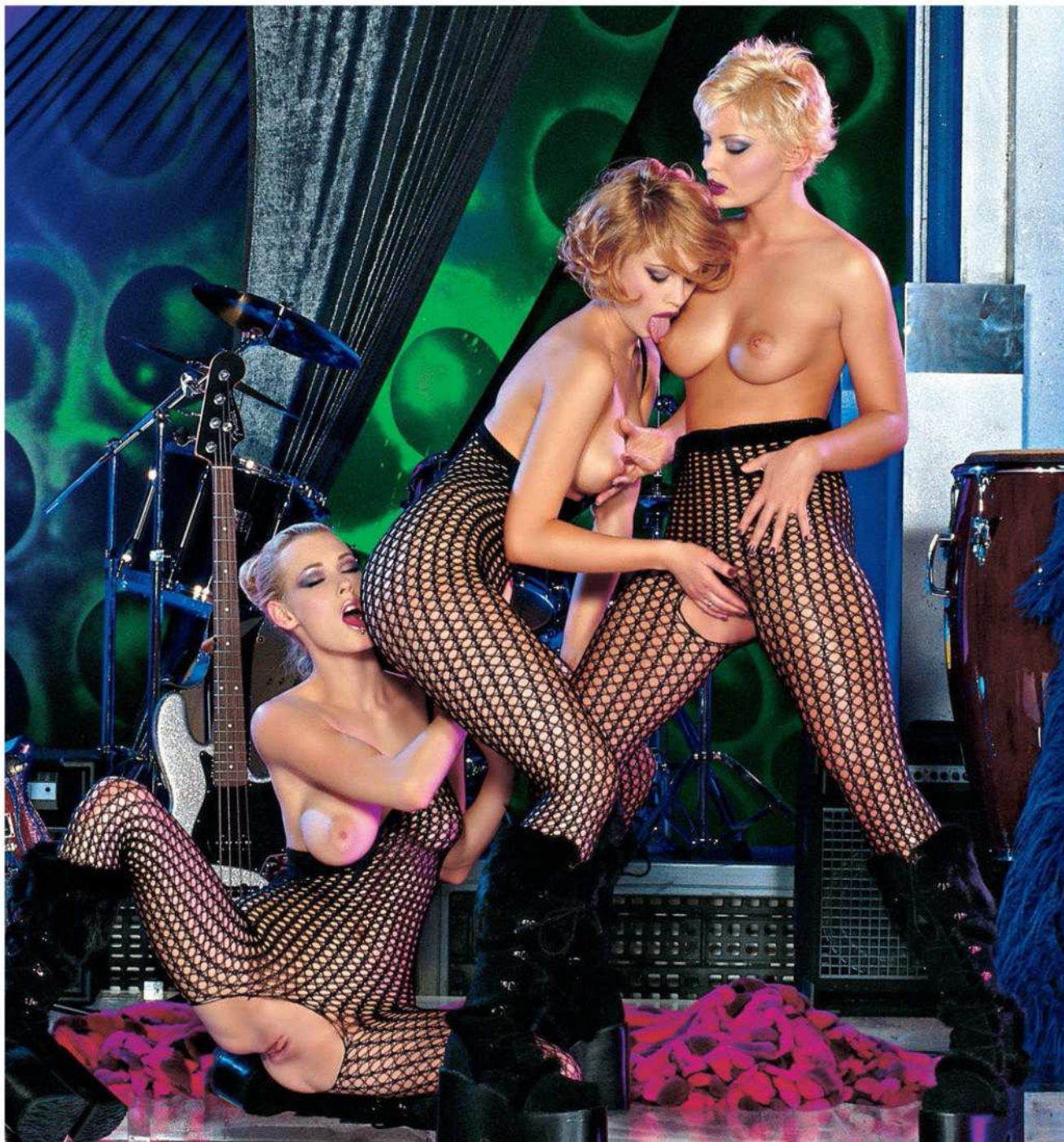
... turned out she was late for a date.





The end





ROCK 'N' ROLL

Our series of retrospective pictorials continues with this January 2002 set featuring a trio of gorgeous models: Phoenix, Swan, and Kelle Marie.

No matter how hard the girls worked, they couldn't get their band signed. Their new manager felt that their good-girl image was holding them back, so he insisted on a makeover to unleash the vixens he knew were hiding inside all three. With their new costumes, the girls felt their wild sides bubbling to the surface. They didn't make it through their first rehearsal before they began to act on the heat that was always between them. The studio was filled with the sounds of clothing being torn from bodies and skin smacking together.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



The manager egged the girls on, saying their display of lust gave him ideas for their first video. But they paid no attention—they were consumed by the desire that had spawned among them.





The girls' high-pitched screams and guttural moans melded into sweet harmonies as they licked and sucked one another to orgasm. With skilled fingers, they shared their favorite playthings.







Seeing the others get off drove each girl to an erotic frenzy. They all played solo, but like a well-choreographed dance, they were one. The musicians collapsed in a heap of sweaty, satisfied bodies, the last shivers of orgasm making them squirm. And the only thing their manager could say was, "Encore! Encore!"

■ First- Date Fuck

Julia, a friend of a friend, commented on something I posted online. She looked really cute in her profile picture, so I requested a connection and we began exchanging emails, then quickly started flirting. It wasn't long before she invited me to meet her at her favorite bar.

She was easy to find in the dimly lit lounge because it was pretty empty. She was as cute as her pictures had suggested, and it was obvious she was checking me out, too. My cock swelled at the first sight of her extra-large tits on display in a deep V-neck T-shirt. We sat side-by-side in a corner booth and shared a bottle of wine. She seemed very friendly with the bartender, and I wondered how often she brought online conquests to this place.

Then Julia placed her hand on my thigh and crept it inward, until her fingers traced the outline of my shaft. She looked at me expectantly. I leaned forward until our lips touched. Hers opened at first contact, so I slipped my tongue between them.

I grew bolder as we kissed, placing my hand on her soft breast. Her rigid nipple poked my palm, so I pinched it between my thumb and forefinger, and she moaned into my mouth. It was obvious that aroused her, so I pinched harder, and she squeezed my staff more aggressively. Slipping my hand beneath her shirt and bra, I upped the ante on the nipple play.

I wondered if her pussy was wet and considered venturing up her miniskirt to find out, but I didn't think I could get away with that in such a public place. My partner had no such concerns. After deftly unbuttoning my fly, she pulled out my prick to stroke it. My ass rose slightly off the cushioned bench as I brazenly fucked Julia's fist. No longer caring what anyone thought, I slipped my hand under her skirt and discovered she was pantyless.

It dawned on me that she'd thought all this out beforehand, and my dick swelled at the realization that this hottie had planned on fucking me. Feeling more confident, I parted her labia and sought out the slick flesh between them.

Julia sighed and arched her back, and I wished we were someplace private. I was about to break our kiss to suggest leaving, but she beat me to

Julia straddled me so that her ass was flat on my lap, my rod flush with her moist flesh.

the punch. I expected her to ask, "Your place or mine?" but she slipped off the bench, leaving my cock swaying in the breeze. There was a velvet curtain beside our banquette, and she pulled it along a brass rail until it enclosed the entire area. I pushed back the table to give us more room and waited for Julia's next move.

She stood before me, hiked her

skirt over her hips, and waited as I regarded her pussy in all its naked glory. Pre-come spouted from the slit in my cockhead, and I raised my butt and pulled down my jeans and boxers. Julia straddled me so that her ass was flat on my lap and my rod was flush with her moist flesh. Her honey flowed onto me as I pushed her T-shirt and bra up over her hefty tits.

Bringing both hands to her chest, I drew circles around her areolas until she was panting. I resumed pinching her nipples, and she grasped my dick at the root while rising until her pussy was in position. As she descended, I thrust upward, and she released a superloud gasp when I entered her. Then she sighed just as loudly while sliding down my length.

She sat there for a moment, enjoying the sensation. When I lowered my face to nip at one nipple she flew upward, then once again slid down over my length, until her buttocks reached my balls. Rising right back up, she began to ride my cock at break-neck speed. I kept my lips locked on her nipple as she bounced on my lap, since that seemed to be what was spurring her on, and the last thing I wanted was to slow her down.

As I flicked at the rigid nubbin with the tip of my tongue, I slipped my thumb between her pussy lips. It wasn't difficult to find her clitoris because it was as hard as her nipples were. She sucked in a sharp breath when I pressed down on it. My pleasure increased as she contracted around me, soon growing almost impossibly tight. My balls drew inward and my shaft swelled, and then I was spray-painting her cunt with semen. I don't think I'd ever come so hard.

Julia still hadn't reached her peak. The finger that was teasing her clit was well lubricated with her juices, so the next time she rose to the top of my cock, I snaked my hand around and slipped it between her ass cheeks. I carefully pressed against her backdoor, entering it easily. She immediately gave a loud shriek, and her pussy clamped around my shaft and shook through her own explosive climax.

Afterward, we cleaned ourselves up as well as we could, Julia straightened out her skirt as I pulled on my pants, and we made plans to meet again.—I.R., Florida



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Wives Gone Wild

My wife and I have an open marriage, which translates roughly to: Kim gets to fuck anyone she wants, and I get to fruitlessly hit on cocktail waitresses while she laughs at me striking out. But every once in a while we meet a couple we really like, and what ensues is several months of deliciously debased carnality.

We'd known Michelle for several years, as our kids get along well. Recently, she and Kim had been going to progressively more risqué parties in "target-rich" environments—meaning there were a lot of guys there.

Michelle has been married as long as we have and has always seemed to be a quiet, conservative girl, so the stories Kim relayed took me by surprise. I was shocked to learn that at a local softball tournament they were the official "measurers" to determine which player's cock was the biggest. My wife acted as "fluffer" to get them ready, and Michelle did the measuring.

I was intrigued, and eager to know just how wild Michelle was. We began inviting Michelle to dinner with us, kids and all, then lunches with just the three of us, then trips to our local clothing-optional beach. After a while, she was willing to go nude.

Kim spread a blanket on the sand and took off her tiny string bikini. Then Michelle took off her top, showing us her cute breasts and fantastic nipples. She quickly lay down on her stomach. "No fair," I said to her. "We're both completely naked, but you're only halfway there." I hooked my fingers in the waistband of her bottoms and gently coaxed them over her hips and down her legs. Now I had an excellent view of her tight ass, paler than the

rest of her tanned body, but with the same silky-smooth skin. I glanced up at Kim, who was giving me a wicked grin, and I planted a lingering kiss on one of Michelle's cheeks. Then I took my time rubbing sunscreen on Michelle's tight butt, making sure I had her thoroughly protected. She spread her legs a bit, letting the edge of my hand run up close to her pussy. I felt her slight dampness even from that brief touch.

Over the next few hours, the three of us talked about marriage, sex, birthdays, sex, sex, and more sex. It turns out Michelle and her husband were drifting apart sexually. He was becoming more conservative, while she wanted to get wilder.

After a while we packed it up and headed home, all three of us sexually charged. Kim and I had promised to help Michelle with her husband's 40th-birthday party that night, so we showered and dressed, then hightailed it back to Michelle's place. By the time we got there, it was almost time for the guests to arrive. Throughout the evening, Michelle's husband's friends got him slowly and steadily drunk. After the guests left, her husband disappeared to the bedroom and passed out cold.

I went to the bathroom, then found the girls in the hot tub together, naked. I did a quick strip and hopped in. Kim and I made out a bit, then I switched to Michelle. When one of the girls began massaging my hard cock, I just about came. I avoided losing control too quickly, though. Kim pulled Michelle on top of her and said, "I'll hold her, you fuck her." That sounded like a good plan to me!

I rubbed my cock in the crease of Michelle's ass while I stroked a finger between her pussy lips. I felt how



wet she was and realized that Kim was rubbing Michelle's clit. I lined up my cock with Michelle's pussy as Kim grasped my cock and pulled me toward Michelle. Her pussy was tight, and she moaned low and deep in her throat as I pushed deep inside her. I stroked in and out for a few minutes with Kim massaging her clit, then asked the girls to get out with me and find a spot more conducive to fucking.

We went in the house—closer to Michelle's sleeping husband—and laid a blanket down on the carpet in front of the television. Kim lay on her back, spreading her legs and lifting her hot ass to push her pussy up to me. I kissed Michelle, took her by the hand, and dragged her down with me while I knelt between Kim's legs. Michelle grasped my cock at the base, put the swollen head between Kim's labia, and, with a giggle, slapped my ass. Reflexively, I thrust forward, pushing all the way into Kim's grasping pussy. She moaned, and I stroked into her slow and deep. Michelle's mouth found Kim's erect nipple and pulled and sucked on it while I fucked my wife. Michelle reached between my legs and held my balls lightly, moving in time with my thrusts. She moved her fingers down to wrap around the thick base of my cock, squeezing each time I pushed all the way into my wife. "Michelle, would you lie down next to Kim?"

Once she was on her back, I pulled out of Kim's cunt and buried my head between Michelle's legs. Just as my tongue reached her clit, I felt Kim's mouth on my cock. I thrust two fingers into Michelle and rubbed them on either side of her G spot while flicking her clit with my tongue. "Harder, harder, harder!" she whispered. I pushed my fingers into her more forcefully, and was rewarded when she squeezed my head between her legs as she came.

Kim stopped sucking me and moved up to lie next to her friend. "Fuck me, now!" she demanded.

I knelt between her spread thighs and pushed inside her. She came as soon as the head of my cock touched her cervix, clamping down on me.

"I wouldn't mind something like that," Michelle said.

I shifted over to between her legs, thanking every deity known to man for friends like her, and thrust into her. I pushed her tits together, rubbing her nipples with my thumbs. Her warm pussy was really getting me on edge. I felt the orgasm that had been building all day becoming irresistible.

I got between her thighs. Losing myself in Lisa's musky aroma, I spread her labia wide. My tongue zeroed in on her rigid clit.

Kim was flicking her tongue over Michelle's rigid right nipple, nipping lightly between licks. I came as though I'd been saving it up for a week, keeping my cock buried as far in her as possible as she climaxed again.

"Hmmm, what a mess!" Michelle said as my softening cock slipped out of her pussy, our come mixed together and flowing out around me. "Who's going to clean this up now?"

"Yeah, hon," Kim said. "Who's going to clean her up? I mean, she wasn't a mess when you started, and now her nice, clean pussy is a fucking mess!"

I didn't know what to say. Kim knew I fantasized about watching her lick my come out of a girl I'd just fucked. It was just as hot as I'd always imagined.—F.N., California

Lucky Number Four

My girlfriend, Lisa, is a trim, attractive, and intellectually stimulating woman who maintains her perfect figure with at least ten miles a day on her ten-speed bike. Our first date went smoothly, complete with pre-dinner cocktails, wine with our entrées, and a long, fascinating discussion on a number of subjects. It ended with a perfunctory good-night kiss on the cheek, though, as did the second and third. Then came the fourth date.

I drove her home after dinner, and she invited me in for the first time. When we were settled comfortably in the living room, we started to make out. I opened her shirt and bra to free those glorious tits and kneaded them as I ran my tongue around her nipples. Then I put my hand on her knee and slid it up her leg. I felt my way up her skirt until I had reached her lace-trimmed panties, where I stroked the warm, smooth flesh until my finger slid into her. I slipped two fingers inside her while I massaged her stiffening clit with my thumb. She arched her back and lifted her ass, permitting me to remove her skirt.

I got between her thighs and kissed a path to her crotch, then yanked off her panties. Now I could see her pussy, and her inner lips glistened with her juices. Did ever a man have a more beautiful sight? Losing myself in Lisa's musky aroma, I spread her labia wide.

My tongue zeroed in on her rigid clit, and she locked her legs around my head and forced my face firmly into her crotch. My mouth was drenched with her juices, and I was in heaven.

I could sense as well as feel the coming climax, so I increased my ministrations. Her convulsive movements caused her breasts to jiggle, and she



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I shook my head to clear away the image of me fucking Geoff while she rode my boyfriend.

exploded in orgasm seconds later.

Before I could do anything else, Lisa said, "This is what I want from you: I want you to nibble on my clit while you finger-fuck me, and then I want you to fill me with your cock." My throbbing dick agreed to those terms. We spent the rest of the night sucking and fucking, and we've continued to date. The sex just keeps getting better and better.—*P.M., Alabama*

■ Date-Night Swap

One of the things I love most about my boyfriend is that he doesn't mind when I occasionally rhapsodize about other guys. Dave's secure enough with his masculinity and our relationship to know that if I occasionally lust after someone else, it isn't a sign that I want to run off and

leave him. He's always amused when I tell him a guy has caught my eye.

Recently, there was one guy who frequented the restaurant where I work as a waitress. Every time I saw Geoff, I joked with my coworkers about my dream that he would let me suck his cock as an extra-special gratuity. He was always polite, never giving away whether or not he liked me, though he was a generous tipper. One day, though, I was so flustered by his presence that I dropped a tray near his table. That night I confessed what had happened to Dave.

That's why I didn't need to hide my shock and excitement when Dave and I saw my favorite customer while we were out to dinner. He was on a date with a hot blonde with a curvy body poured into a white dress. "They look cute together," I said, even though I was a little jealous.

"Yeah, the blonde's really sexy," he said. At first I was shocked by his words, but then I smiled at him. Was he hot for her? What if—no, that was crazy. I shook my head to clear away the image of me fucking Geoff while the petite woman rode my boyfriend,

yet that thought kept coming back to me. I started wondering what the two of them did in bed.

"Paige, I can tell you're distracted," Dave said, taking my fork from my hand and putting it down on the plate. "What are you thinking about?"

I blushed, giving myself away.

Dave said, "What if I told you I'd be okay with you fucking him, as long as I get to have some fun with his date?"

I gasped. "Really? You wouldn't be jealous?"

"Maybe a little, but I'd have that hot girl to distract me. Besides, I want to see you go over there and proposition them." He smirked as he imagined it.

What did I have to lose? I wasn't on the job, and the worst that could happen was he'd say no, and then I'd go home and fuck Dave's brains out. I freshened my lipstick, and Dave gave my hand a squeeze, then I stood and approached their table.

"They let you have a night off, huh?" Geoff joked when I reached his side.

"Yeah, once in a while."

"Paige, this is my girlfriend, Meg," he said. "Would you like to join us for dessert?"

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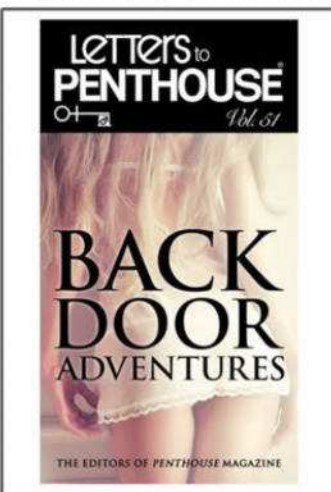
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"Actually, I have an idea for a different kind of dessert." I paused and bit my lip, while both of them stared at me expectantly. "I'm on a date with my boyfriend over there. We think you guys are hot, and I was wondering if you wanted to swap partners. Just for tonight. It could be a lot of fun."

Meg smiled and blushed at the same time. "I'm flattered," Geoff replied. "Give us a few minutes to talk it over, and we'll stop by your table in a little bit."

"Sure," I said, my heart pounding, and then I returned to my seat. Dave touched my knee beneath the table and I told him, "They said they'd let us know in a few minutes."

About five minutes later, Geoff and Meg came over and introduced themselves to Dave. "We'd like to take you up on your offer," Geoff said, smiling.

"Cool," Dave said. "You guys ready to head out?"

I knew I was, and they both nodded, so Dave threw down cash for our food and the four of us walked outside. "Do you want to come in my car?" my boyfriend asked Meg. "We can go to our place. It's nearby."

"Sure," Meg said, heading off with Dave as Geoff escorted me to his car. My nipples were hard and rubbing against my shirt, making me even more aroused.

"So, have you been lusting after me all this time?" Geoff asked.

Part of me wanted to hide the truth, but what was the point? "Yes, every time you'd come in, I'd get so distracted that I'd mix up my orders."

"Well, it was very gutsy of you to approach us," he said.

"I figured I had to at least try."

"I've noticed you, too, for the record," he said, which made my whole body heat up. While fantasizing about fucking Geoff had been hot, I knew the real thing was going to be even more so.

It felt strange to be walking up the stairs to my place with a new lover's hand on my ass rather than Dave's, but it was sexy, too. I liked that we were being so daring.

Inside the apartment, I heard the sounds of kissing and moaning from the bedroom. Since Dave and Meg had already gotten things started, I led Geoff into the living room. Soon his cock was inside me, and I almost forgot about the lovemaking noises coming from the other room.

"Look at me," Geoff said as he fucked me. "Do you want to taste my come?"

"Yes, please, I want to swallow it all," I confessed.

"Then get down on your knees."

I separated myself from him and got into position, easily swallowing his dick even though he was big. He fucked my face for a few strokes before groaning, "I'm coming!" Soon my mouth was filled with his salty cream, but I swallowed it all. Then Geoff shoved three fingers inside me, working them in and out of my cunt until I came against his hand.

Afterward, I mixed up some cocktails, and we waited for Dave and Meg. When they finally came out of the bedroom, she looked exactly like what she was: freshly fucked. We shifted positions, me from Geoff's arms into Dave's, while Meg settled into her boyfriend's embrace.

"I think we should toast Paige," Geoff said. They all raised their glasses, thanking me for initiating an awesome night. Then we downed our drinks, and they went home.

"Does this make us swingers?" Dave mused after they'd departed.

"Only if we want to be," I said, smiling. We haven't picked up any couples since, but now that we've crossed that boundary, the possibility is always there, and that's certainly made people-watching a lot more fun. —P.K., Wisconsin

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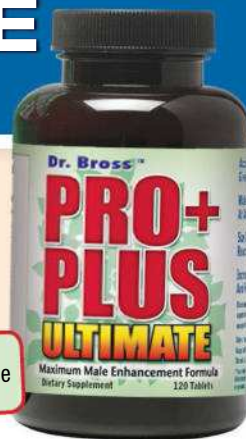


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